

# THE HOUSEWIFE



October  
1911

William Von DRESSEL

THE A.D. PORTER CO., PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

# \$2,500 in Prizes

## To Learn the Effects of Oatmeal

Every year we spend large sums of money to gather facts about oatmeal. We visit thousands of homes which breed the wan and anemic, and thousands which breed the red-cheeked and the strong.

We canvass physicians, food experts and scientists. We talk with those who teach the underfed. All to show others, in some indelible way, how vital is the need for oats.

Now, in the same cause, we ask letters from people who have seen the effects of oats. We seek actual examples of what has been done, largely through oatmeal diet. No letters or names will be published. But the facts, when impressive and valuable, will be carried to millions of people.

To garner these facts we offer these prizes. We shall pay them for letters which our judges regard as most helpful to people in general.

For the	5 best letters,	\$100 each	. . .	\$500.00
For the	10 next best,	50 each	. . .	500.00
For the	20 next best,	25 each	. . .	500.00
For the	50 next best,	10 each	. . .	500.00
For the	100 next best,	5 each	. . .	500.00

185 separate prizes, totaling \$2,500.00

The contest will close December 1, 1911. Soon after that date the names of the winners will be sent to every contestant. And the 185 people whose letters win prizes will each be sent our check.

### Facts Now Known

Oats contain more digestible protein, more organic phosphorus, more lecithin than any other grain that grows.

Protein is the body-builder, the endurance food. Woodsmen, for instance, who are fed scientifically, are now largely fed on oats.

Phosphorus is the brain's main constituent. Brain workers and students need an abundance of it. Nine-tenths of all college professors regularly eat oatmeal. And seven-eighths of the homes among the highly intelligent supply it to growing children.

Lecithin is the main component of the nerves and nervous system.

So for body, brain and nerves—all three—no other cereal can compare with oats.

### The Energy Food

As energy food oatmeal is pre-eminent. To "feel one's oats" always signifies vigor. With people as with horses, oats give vim and vitality. An extract of oats is now employed as a tonic.

Two world-famous scientists seem to have proved that oatmeal wards off age, by feeding the thyroid gland. Experiments on animals seem to prove that care of this gland can vastly lessen one's apparent age.

The love of oatmeal, which is almost universal, also shows the need for oats. It is the call of Nature for the elements required.

### Facts Now Wanted

We now want facts and incidents which illustrate these effects. We want examples showing how children thrive on oats. We want reports on how oatmeal has multiplied vitality. We want letters from people whom oatmeal has kept young. From food experts and scientists we ask new facts about oats. We shall award the prizes for the facts and reports most valuable to others.

Address all letters to The Quaker Oats Company, Contest Department, Chicago, Ill.

# Quaker Oats

The worth of oatmeal depends on the quality of oats. Its taste depends on the mode of preparation. The oats used in Quaker Oats are selected by 62 separate siftings. We get but ten pounds from a bushel—just the rich, plump, luscious grains. When these choice grains are prepared by our process they form the finest oat food in existence. Yet it costs but one-half cent per dish.

### Regular size package, 10c

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

The prices noted do not apply in the extreme West or South.



Look for the Quaker trade-mark on every package

## The Quaker Oats Company

CHICAGO

## The Housewife Premium List Is Ready

### WE WANT YOU TO SEE IT

The Handsomest List We Have Ever Prepared for Our Friends and Club Raisers. Send Your Name and Address on a Postal Card and Receive a Copy Without Incurring Any Expense or Putting Yourself Under Any Obligation

**B**RIGHT, cool, bracing Autumn is here. Our handsome New Premium List is all ready for mailing to you. THE HOUSEWIFE is bigger, better, more beautiful than ever. With such a combination to aid them our loyal club raisers are certain to do wonders in canvassing for their favorite magazine. Now is their harvest time. Winter evenings are swiftly approaching when good literature is in demand for lamp-light reading. Winter days are almost here when the warm, bright kitchen invites the housekeeper to try new dishes for the delight of the family. School days are here, when the mother has all kinds of problems to solve. THE HOUSEWIFE can fill all three demands, hence is bound to be more popular than ever. One woman out of every ten throughout the United States reads it and prizes it now. We want the other nine to become acquainted with it—the other eight anyway, and we depend upon our friends the club raisers to make the introduction, not only because they love THE HOUSEWIFE for itself and are glad to win new friends for it, but because when they see what new, up-to-date, handsome and useful articles we offer in this season's premium list they will be anxious to secure them, when the securing means only such pleasant work as taking subscriptions to THE HOUSEWIFE.

Securing subscriptions to THE HOUSEWIFE is easy, pleasant and dignified work because the sample copies of the magazine do the selling. Let a woman look through its pages and hardly a word need be said. She will recognize that here is her chance to secure a valuable assistant at a price hardly more than the cheapest daily paper costs for one month. Our interesting serial "Out of the Valley," commencing in next number is worth more than the entire subscription rate, and there will be several others even more interesting before the twelve months come to an end. Our "Mother's Realm" with its charming pictures and anecdotes of genuine bright babies belonging to our HOUSEWIFE mothers appeals to every lover of children. Our "Housewives' Circle" has brought and will bring help in a hundred ways to busy women who oversee their own housekeeping. Our "Editorial Outlook" has a cheerful note that comforts while it instructs. In every way THE HOUSEWIFE caters to the domestic, home-loving woman, and such women want it as soon as they realize its mission. When they understand that every new subscriber whose name is enrolled on our books before November 25, receives the October, November and December numbers free, thus obtaining fifteen numbers of the magazine for fifty cents, they will know it is the magazine bargain of the year that is being offered to them.

The present price of THE HOUSEWIFE is fifty cents a year for a single subscription, or thirty-five cents a year in clubs of three or more, with a handsome premium present to the club raiser. At this rate it is the best value of any household magazine published. Lend your latest number to your neighbor and she will gladly join your club without your asking. If you cannot spare your own number because every member of your family wants it send to us for free sample copies, leave them at houses where THE HOUSEWIFE is not already a regular visitor, then a few days later gather up your subscriptions. There will be one for every sample copy. But first of all write to-day for a copy of the New Premium List. You cannot imagine what really beautiful and valuable articles are offered in it for a very little easy work. There is something for every one in the family, from the grandparents down to the baby: handsomely bound books by leading authors, fine silverware and jewelry not to be confounded with cheap stuff frequently offered, table furnishings, articles for the bureau, hand bags and pocketbooks, furs, knitted garments, the latest kind of unbreakable dolls—but lack of space forbids the mentioning of one-twentieth of the things which are pictured and described in this New Premium List. The best way is to send your name and address on a post card and take your time in looking at and reading about each one.

Remember, this is not a new showing of old premiums, but a full assortment of new articles, with only a few of the old favorites retained, because of their standing popularity.

Don't be afraid to send for the List because you think your request binds you to securing subscriptions to THE HOUSEWIFE. We know you must be a friend of THE HOUSEWIFE otherwise you would not be reading this number, therefore we want you first of all to see what handsome and valuable presents your magazine gives to those who work in its interest. After you have seen the List if you feel you want to own some of the articles described there write to us, even if you have never before attempted to get up a club. We will provide you with sample copies, subscription blanks, in fact an entire club raiser's outfit free of all cost to you, also will give you full instructions as to the easiest way to secure subscriptions. Even a child can secure subscriptions with our aid.

Show that you read your magazine by sending to-day a postal card request for the List, then if you cannot take up club raising yourself kindly hand the List to someone who may be able to do the work. We want as many people as possible to see the New Premium List. Please send your name and address to us to-day.

## Little Home Helps

**R**ASS stains may be removed from a garment by saturating the article with kerosene and washing it with good soap and water.

When making pies in warm weather fill a beer bottle with ice water and use it for a rolling pin. The pastry will be delicate and flaky.

Covers for food that is cooling may be made by taking embroidery hoops and placing between them squares of cheese-cloth of the proper size. The weight of the hoops keeps the cloth from blowing off.

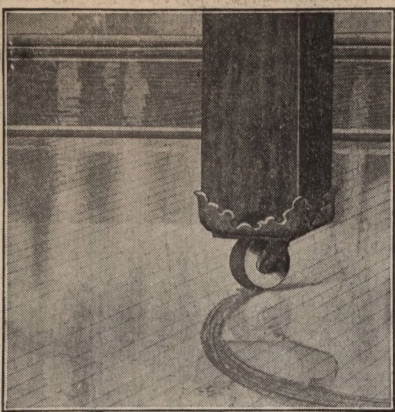
When busy baking or doing other kitchen work, try having a small towel attached to the apron band to wipe the hands on. You will find it a great step saver.

To economize space when your kitchen is small, provide one or two camp chairs. When not in use the chair may be folded, and if there is no better place it may be hung on a hook against the wall.

Buttermilk will take yellow stains out of white goods. Let them soak in quite a while, then wash it all out and see how fine the goods will look.

When buying carpet for stairs, get an extra yard and turn in at both ends. When it begins to wear, it can be moved either up or down to equalize the wear.

Grated white potatoes, scattered freely, and then swept off, is recommended as a fine carpet cleaner and is said to revive color without injuring the most delicate shades.



No caster marks—no heel marks—no spots.

## Mar-Proof Floors

The most trying test of varnish is on floors. It must there withstand dirt, water, heels and casters—rocking, romping and wear.

**Elastica** alone of all the floor finishes keeps its newness. **Elastica** has in its composition the requisite amount of oil to make it elastic and durable, and that oil is so treated by our own secret process that **Elastica** dries quickly. The most severe usage will not mar it. Water cannot spot it.

**Elastica** meets all your ideas of a floor finish. It is the result of 40 years spent in studying varnish.

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**TRADE MARK ELASTICA FLOOR FINISH**

Look for this Trade-mark on a Yellow Label. All others are imitations.

### These Things Free

We want to send you a book, "How to Finish Floors," filled with expert suggestions about finishing old and new floors. Also samples of **Elastica** coated on paper to try. Also a beautiful bookmark—just to repay you for writing us.

Simply send your name and address—a postal will do.

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Address Standard Varnish Works, 29 Broadway, New York, or 2620 Armour Avenue, Chicago, or 301 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif. Or International Varnish Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.



"Elastica Stands the Rocks"

**STANDARD VARNISH WORKS**

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Besides **Elastica** Floor Finish we manufacture **Elastica** No. 1, for exterior use—**Elastica** No. 2, for interior use—Satinette White Enamel, for interior and exterior decoration—Klearstone Stains and other Architectural Finishes. Ask your dealer. (50)

# THE HOUSEWIFE

LILIAN DYNEVOR RICE, Editor

Published Monthly by The A. D. Porter Co., 52 Duane Street, New York.

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Single subscriptions, Fifty Cents a year in advance. In requesting a change of address it is imperative that the old address be given as well as the new, and six weeks' notice is required.

As subscriptions are always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for, renewals should be promptly forwarded because we cannot, as a rule, supply back numbers. The receipt of the Magazine with a Pink Subscription Blank enclosed indicates that your subscription has expired and should be renewed without delay.

Please send remittances by Post Office Money Order, Express Money Order, Bank Draft or Registered Letter. United States postage stamps will be accepted at face value.

Address all communications to The Housewife, 52 Duane Street, New York

## Friends of The Housewife!

Read the Notice on the Opposite Page. It will Interest and Benefit You. It gives Full Particulars Regarding The Housewife's Beautiful New Premium List

SEND TO-DAY A POSTAL CARD REQUEST FOR IT

**T**AKING subscriptions for THE HOUSEWIFE is easy and pleasant work which is certain to bring in substantial reward. Anyone, even a child, can be successful at it with the aid of the full instructions and outfit which we furnish free of all cost to those who send for them. Begin to work early, before someone else has canvassed your neighborhood, and earn in spare moments handsome and useful articles, suitable for personal or home adornment, or for Christmas presents. Every one being of excellent value and much handsomer than the gifts the average person can afford to buy.

The holiday numbers of THE HOUSEWIFE are going to be extra large and extra handsome, and every subscriber whose name is enrolled before November 15th will receive these numbers, also the October number free, in addition to the twelve numbers for 1912, all for the sum of fifty cents a year for single subscriptions, or thirty-five cents a year, in clubs of three or more, with a handsome present to the club raiser. We would like to tell you more about these presents, but have not the space. Read the notice on the opposite page, it gives full particulars; but the best way of all is to send a postal card request for the Premium List and see every article for yourself, then you can make your selection and go to work to earn it. It will be yours almost before you realize it.

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Only \$1.25 Monthly

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This book shows an endless variety of beautiful things that make the home more cheerful and comfortable. The largest city store does not show so many home conveniences—over ten acres of furnishings. This catalog is made up of special lots of household things, bought for spot cash from makers who were hard pressed for ready cash, or from factories whose outputs we control. We supply hundreds of thousands of families with everything they use in their homes.

**Over a Year to Pay**  
And no matter where you live or how much you earn, you can buy your home furnishings here—on credit—without publicity—without red tape. We have trusted the great working class—the real home lovers—for over 27 years, and we know they are honest. Several hundred thousand people all over the country have open accounts with us. We give them over a year to pay for anything they buy, and they pay while using the goods. You too, can have the same easy-to-pay terms on any of the 3862 things in our catalog.

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Anything you select from our bargain catalog will be sent you for 30 days approval. You may use the goods a whole month, before you decide to buy them. If they are not more than satisfactory—if we have not actually saved you 15 to 50% on your purchase—return the goods at our expense. We'll refund your small first payment—and even pay the freight charges both ways. Back of this offer is the endorsement of the First National Bank of Chicago.

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Our New Fall General Catalog of 3862 Bargains in house furnishings should be in every home. Every housewife will appreciate its hundreds of economies and home arrangements—its thousands of magnificent comforts—and its marvelous price reductions.

Cut out this coupon and send it to us—or a postal will do—and we will send you Free and Postage Paid, this great book of house-furnishing bargains. Do this Now—before you forget.



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Sent for \$1.00  
Richly hand carved rocker finished in American Quarter Sawed Oak, upholstered in chase leather, a marvel of comfort and beauty. Bought for spot cash at practically factory cost. Sold at a guaranteed saving of 25 per cent. Total price, \$5.25



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A magnificent solid oak book case finished in high gloss golden oak color. Has four adjustable shelves, bent glass door, convenient desk compartment and drawers for storing papers, etc. Price \$11.70.

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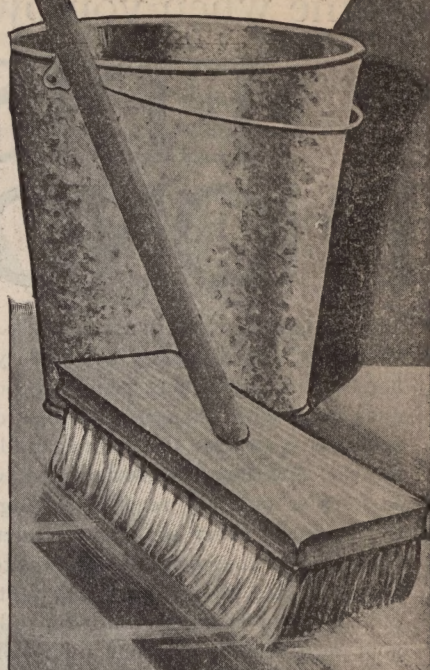
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Gentlemen:—Please send me the catalog checked "X."  
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Scrub them in the Easiest & Quickest way

Use

## Old Dutch Cleanser

Old Dutch Cleanser is equally effective in cleaning linoleum, cement, or wood floors—no trace of dirt remains. The fine particles reach down into every opening and chase all dirt and grease. No other method is half so thorough, so quick nor so easy. Old Dutch Cleanser saves time, worry and work.

Sprinkle on a little of the Cleanser. Rub over floor, with scrubbing brush, then mop up.

Many other uses and full directions on large sifter-can—10c



Wherever you are, whenever you want it, all that is newest and best in the theatres along Broadway is yours to hear and to enjoy, right in your own home when you own an

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The Edison is the theatre—with the volume of sound exactly suited to your home; the sapphire reproducing point does away with changing needles, does not scratch or wear the records and lasts forever. **Amberol Records**—play twice as long as ordinary records—giving all the verses of every song and rendering instrumental compositions as meant to be played. The Home Recording feature enables you to make and reproduce your own records in your own home, true to life.

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We want dealers with established stores in every town where we are not now represented.



**Tonight, when you dress for dinner, look at the soap you use.**

Is the lather white?  
Is it bright?  
Is it full of tiny bubbles?  
Does it rinse easily?  
It should. **IT WILL, if it is Ivory Soap.**

Right there is the difference between Ivory and the majority of toilet soaps.

Ivory Soap yields a lather of almost snowy whiteness, a lather that is light, bright, bubbly, clean, sweet-smelling; a lather that rinses easily, leaving behind it nothing but a sense of perfect cleanliness.

**Ivory Soap . . 99 <sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> Per Cent. Pure**

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IN COURT TO PROVE

**"MUSIC LESSONS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME"**

**OFFER WAS GOOD**

(From N. Y. World, June 23.)

### LITTLE MISS DODS AT PIANO CHARMS COURT



Girl Testifies with Her Fingers as Well as Orally

Miss Dods testified that her performance was the result of her Education by Correspondence, and that she had studied from sheets sent to her and never had a teacher. The audience demanded an encore so loudly that Justice Brady threatened to clear the room.—N. Y. World.

This girl testified under oath she did not know one note from another when she received the first lesson from the U. S. School of Music and had received no other instruction whatever. Her playing from the music placed before her won the applause of a crowded court room. This girl's only expense under our free tuition plan was for postage and music. That cost her about **Two Cents** a day and she was under no further obligation whatever.

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**E**VERY woman knows the cleansing qualities of naphtha and benzine. It is impracticable to use either of these for washing clothes, as they are dangerous to handle around the stove.

Parowax is our trade name for pure refined paraffine,—another petroleum product, with all the cleansing properties of naphtha and benzine,—but with no odor, no taste, no possible danger.

It is so pure you may chew it like gum.

A little Parowax, shaved, and boiled with the clothes and the usual amount of shaved soap, dissolves the grease and dirt and brings the things out fresh and clean.

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Parowax saves labor and saves clothes.

It can not injure the daintiest fabric.

A pound package of Parowax contains four cakes—enough for about sixteen boilers of wash.

Parowax costs but little and is sold by grocers, druggists and general dealers everywhere.

We ask you to try Parowax in this week's washing; or to have your laundress try it.



We shall be glad to send you a sample cake free if you will send us your name. Address Dept. 21, 56 New St., New York.

**Standard Oil Company**  
(Incorporated)

# THE HOUSEWIFE

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Vol. XXVIII

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1911

No. 5

## A LINK IN FATE

*Susan Hearle Thomas*

Illustrated by George Harper



**P**ENELOPE PENROSE looked absurdly satisfied as she turned the letter over and over. It seemed such a short while since she had received that first, and—here was the climax! With the letter in her lap she settled back to enjoy the delicious flavor of her thoughts.

She smiled because she could not help it; something in her nature had been loosed and was flying in exultant abandon over an hitherto restricted field. The thought of marriage in general was pleasant—she felt that it added dignity, impressiveness and interest to life, and the personal side of it made her heart throb. As for the man who had made this thing possible, she scarcely remembered him; but the thought that he should have remembered her had from the first quickened her pulses.

Frenie, a younger sister, came into the room; she was most straight, and of an uncompromising expression. "What's up now?" she demanded, eyeing Penelope with stern suspicion.

But not even Frenie could affect Penelope's smile this time.

"Frenie"—her eyes danced towards her sister, "what would you say to my getting married?"

"You mean to that creature with whom you have been having this wild correspondence?" Penelope nodded happily.

"I should say you were a fool!" She paused to collect words to convey her feelings. "Pen—you are worse than crazy—but I always said you'd do something like this!" Throwing up her hands in maiden horror at the ways of her sister, "Marry a man you hardly know! A man you haven't seen since he was a great lump of a boy!"

"Oh, but I do remember him! And think of his having cared for me all these years! It's wonderful—what you might call destiny!" Penelope revelled in the hidden things of life.

"Destiny! A woman of your age, too!" Frenie turned about sharply and went out of the room.

Penelope pitied her—that she could not share her wider visions—and with that came to a sudden decision—Calvin Strachan should not come here! In another minute her rapid mind devised a plan; her pen went spluttering over the paper—it suited her to do things quickly, every tendency with Miss Penrose was on the bound.

"Suppose instead of your coming here, as you propose, I meet you—say at Oakland—I have some friends there. I think it will be better—why, I will explain later." Remembering her age, Penelope tried to be as concise and practical as possible, but she could not help digressing—her letters being a part of herself.

Whilst she was writing, her two sisters were busy discussing this, her latest "craze." Elizabeth, the youngest sister, was formed on less emphatic lines than Frenie, but they had both sharp, small figures, and that unmistakeable suggestion of family pride thrown over their finely-cut features. When they talked they emphasized parts of speech.

"Just like Pen! Working herself up to such a pitch of irresponsible senti-

ment! It almost amounts to indecency! A woman of her age!"

"That's what I say! Some day she'll surprise even herself! The only thing that brings her up straight is her sense of duty—and that's warped! The man has worked on her weakness—made her believe all his silly sentiment—all the creature wants is someone to take care of him! Elizabeth—I can't help thinking there's been some mistake—that great gawk of a boy! He never cared for Pen. You remember him. What's he taken to writing this way for?"

"You don't believe he's got Pen mixed up with that wretched woman—?"

"No—" slowly, "I won't think that. I wouldn't lower our Pen that way."

Penelope, her letter finished, went out. Since her encounter with Frenie she felt as if she had withdrawn some line of defence and left herself exposed to the enemy. The letter posted, and her affair being thus far settled, she felt herself more ready for chance encounters. But her sisters kept silence; and Penelope felt their disapproval. Her older eyes besought their leniency in vain. She did not want to offend their ideas of propriety, but she couldn't help it! That is what her eyes said.

Meanwhile this center of her thoughts was making his way East, gathering up her letters and answering them at stated places. The last came all too quickly—he was more than willing to do anything she suggested. As she read the letter she felt the difference from the last—but each one had been that way. It was as if her letters stirred him into something different from what he had been. When first Penelope realized this, those strange personal thoughts of marriage had sprung into being.

The day at last came for her departure from home. Calvin Strachan would be at the Oakland station. Then it was "the girls" emerged from their silence—they had felt its strain—and, whilst they ignored their future brother-in-law, spoke openly of the things from which they could not disassociate him. They were kind at heart, but they always let Penelope feel that that which at a distance could be tolerated would have been intolerable near; and Penelope was glad she had decided not to let him come here.

But at heart they were sound, and Penelope sensed their love through everything. They kissed her goodbye and said they would be more than glad to have her come back if she should think better of this mad scheme. Penelope strangled her tears and squeezed them both in turn—they belonged to a definite past and she was going to an indefinite future! But she must go on—she was following an instinct stronger than herself—a tidal wave engulfed and drew her on.

"I don't think I could have stood being a spectator to such middleaged folly,"

Frénie said, as the sisters went back from seeing Penelope off.

"But it does seem as if Providence looks after her, spite of everything," sighed Elizabeth, to whom life was at times dull.

As the train sped along, Penelope's spirits rose to meet the future and her pulses throbbed as the distance lessened between herself and that future. What if she were thirty-five? What if she lacked the more salient attractions of youth? This day she shook off the marks of years—threw them aside like an outgrown shell. This day she sprang into more vivid life and seemed to leave the shadows behind.

As the train neared Oakland, excited thought simmered, settling into something like gloomy sediment.

"Suppose she was making a mistake! Suppose, after all these years, she did not answer to his recollections of her! Suppose"—here thought halted painfully—"suppose that—she should be—disappointed in him!"

Then her mind turned to his written words for comfort, and on these she stayed her heart.

The train came to a sudden stop. "All off for Oakland," screamed the conductor. Penelope scrambled to her feet, gathering up her belongings and scattering them again in her excitement. A nervous dread of meeting Calvin Strachan came over her.

But he was not there—there was no one answering to her wildest thoughts of him on the platform. In shamed diffidence Miss Penrose went up and down the limited length of board, searching—searching.

Her nervous tread kept pace with her thoughts—Calvin Strachan had concluded not to come, he had thought better of this "mad scheme!" She had been, and was, a fool and had done a most unwomanly thing! The girls were right—she was crazy!

Well, she would not sit here advertising, as it were, her shame! She hurried over to the ticket-office to assure herself first that the train he was to have come upon was in—it was due an hour since.

The boy back of the window started at her voice. "What's that? You haven't heard? Where you been all this time? There's been a grand smash-up on the line. Haven't time to explain—there goes the thing again!" as the telegraphic receiver ticked. "They want a whole hospital supply," he explained. "How in thunder d' they think I'm going to get it?"

Penelope sat down trembling. The atmosphere was suddenly charged with a new and terrible interest. All the horrors of a railroad accident crowded on her brain. She saw Calvin Strachan mutilated—dying, dead. She flew back to the window.

"How far up is the accident? I want to go there! I must—"

Genuine emotion carries. "Hold on," cried the boy, "I'm going there myself—there's a fellow here has a motor—he'll take me soon 's I can get off! Hulloo, here's my man!" as a boy entered. "Now watch me slide." He was in his coat and out of the door like a flash.

Penelope tore after him. "Wait! Oh, please let me go with you. There's someone on that train—I must go there—" she gasped.

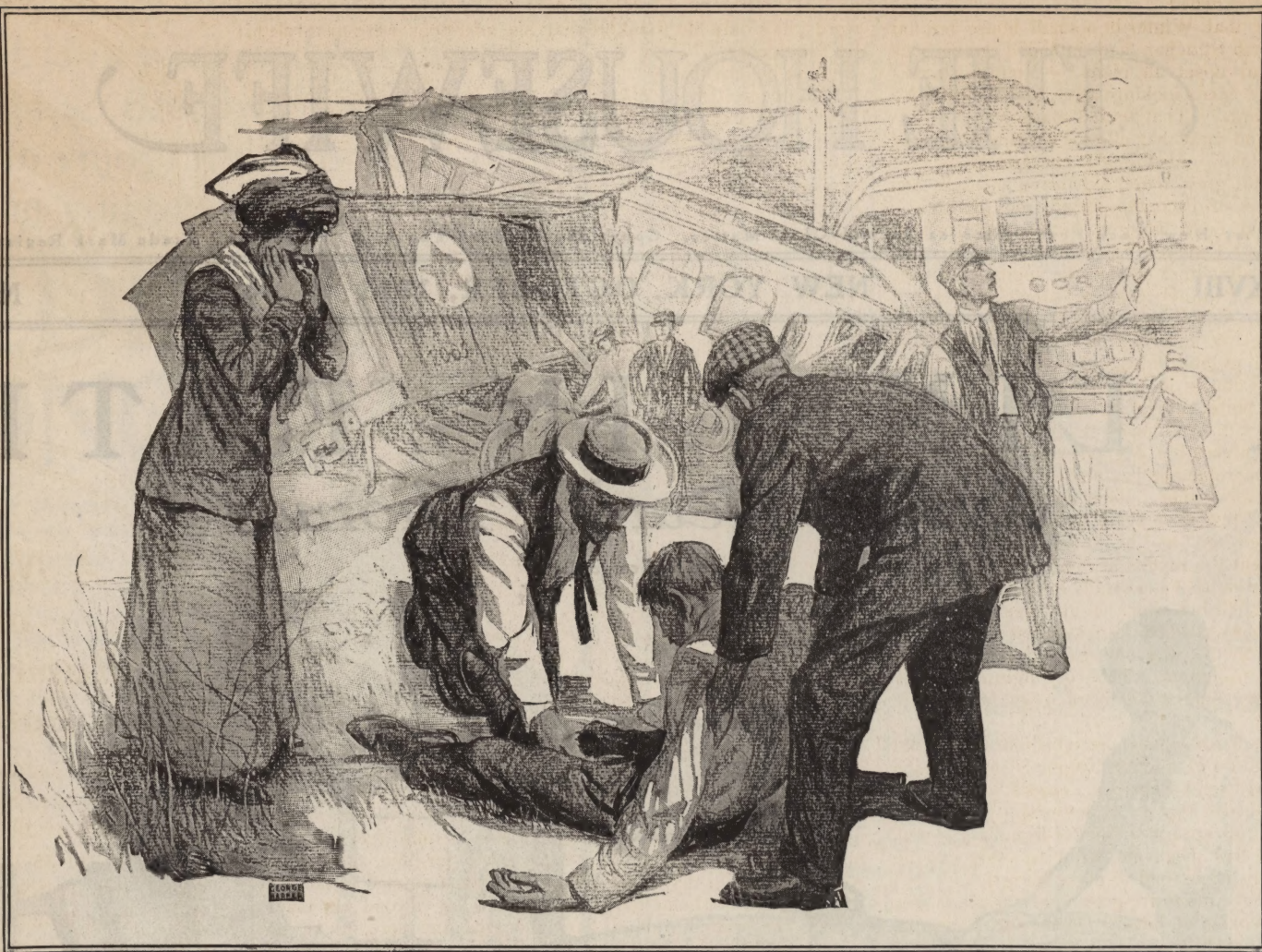
Before she realized what she was doing, she was in the car and going at a high speed towards the place. With hat off, and seemingly enjoying the excitement of it all, her friend of the window looked back at her. "I don't believe there's any killed," he shouted by way of comfort.

The word "killed," together with her thoughts, was too much. Horror was robbing her of strength. In Miss Penrose's narrow, sheltered life, she had only read of such things.

The automobile stopped at last in what seemed to be the middle of a field. Penelope saw the railroad track running the other side of it. They all got out, and the woman stumbled blindly after the boys, tearing clothes and hands in her frantic effort to keep up with them—they had completely forgotten her.

They came to a sudden stop at the sight of the overturned cars, lying on the side of the deep ditch. Penelope put her hands hard over her ears to keep out some sounds—sounds which she never forgot. Then they all three went on.

A man with a sternly set jaw and strong eyes brushed past them. Penelope caught at him, thinking he might



The prostrate figure was removed to more level ground

tell her something, but when he turned toward her she could not speak.

"Are you looking for someone?" He evidently did not wish to be detained. In another moment he had darted from her, and she saw him on his knees, half hidden by one of the derailed cars. Hardly knowing what she did, she followed him.

"Thank God, it's the last one," she heard him say. "Unconscious! So much the better. Here," raising his voice, "someone give me a hand."

Penelope came yet closer, the fascination of some fear upon her.

The prostrate figure was removed to more level ground, and the strong-eyed man went fumbling about the insensible form looking for injuries. Penelope stood by, trembling in her suspicious fear. Presently she spied some papers which had fallen from one of the man's pockets.

"My writing!" she said, in the surprised confirmation of her dread. She knew then that search had ended.

The doctor—she soon learned he was that—went on with his examination, utterly ignoring her. "That leg 'll have to come off—no hope for it—it will have to be done quickly, too—"

With this he was on his feet again. "You his wife?" he demanded, as if just perceiving her.

Penelope was too excited to form speech. "We were to have been married—he was on his way—I have not seen him for years—"

"Lucky thing you are here now, then—you can help me—he is in a bad way. You stay here. Hold the umbrella well over his head—the sun's hot—I'll be back in a minute."

Penelope was glad to keep still—it seemed to her she had been going for years. The groans of the wounded reached her ears, and this man, stretched on the ground beside her, augmented her terror. His utter strangeness frightened her—and yet she was to have married him!

The glamor of the day was gone—blotted out. A dream and a reality had met, to the detriment of the dream. Penelope's senses grew confused.

And the man never moved—to all intents and purposes he was as dead. Presently a sort of courage supplanted fear and the feeling came to Penelope that, after all, this man belonged to her—he had no one else!

The doctor came hurrying back. "No room for any more on that train"—one had just left—and it had only a half equipment. "Well, I'll have to take this man up to my house. You had better go along, so 's to be in readiness," looking at Penelope. "Here's a boy who can drive you."

Stiff and cramped, Penelope stood up, weakly remonstrating—she would stay—

"No, I won't have it—your nerves 'will have strain enough later," and the stronger will conquered.

In the long, hard battle which followed between life and death, Penelope plunged heart and soul into the thick of the fight, gathering up new courage, strength and daring, with which to defy the enemy Death. Something in her had been awakened and in the conflict grew. As the tiger fights for its young, so Penelope fought for the life of this man whom fate had given to her, never for one instant pausing to consider what manner of man he was. In watching, tending, and ministering to him she forgot herself—the woman in her grew towards the mother in its very self-effacement. She watched and fanned the spark of life until she saw it flame up within the poor, weak body. Speaking afterward of Calvin Strachan's recovery, Dr. Saunders said, "He owes his

life to his nurse."

It might have been that the injured man realized something of this fact, for his restlessly fevered eyes lost a little of their unquiet glitter when she was near, and a quiet peace seemed to grow into his face—a subtle response to her rapt care. Dr. Saunders saw it; Penelope felt it; and yet she knew that, as far as she herself was concerned, he had never recognized her—she was his nurse—that was all!

Illness had stripped much of the material part of the man away, leaving Calvin Strachan with that freshly shriven look, that expression of expurgated offence, together with the pale weak kneels which appeals to most women; all the grosser elements—that which at first sight had appaled Penelope—had dwindled away,

been lost sight of in the fiery furnace of pain, and the sharpened features showed the finer grain of the man.

"Have you always been here?" he questioned one morning with the incurious slowness of the very weak. The lines in his forehead puckered in his endeavor towards thought.

Her heart beat, but very differently from the way it had once beat at the thought of him. She was bracing herself for something.

"Ever since you have needed me," she answered.

"Are you a nurse?" His eyes dwelt on her face.

"I am now."

"Why?"

"Because you need me," she cried. In one minute it would all be over and he would know her! She breathed hard, but she knew what she would do—he needed her as he had never needed her before!

"Who are you?" came the next question. "I try to remember, but I can't—not distinctly. There was someone—not you—I was going to meet that day—"

On the impulse of the moment she spoke. "You were going to meet me—me," she repeated to enforce the fact.

"You!" Penelope caught her breath at the sudden look which seemed to blot out all other expressions on his face—not understanding it. The swift, mercurial temperament is not always the most discerning.

"You," he said again, and his eyes caught hers, holding them. Something had been aroused within the man. Penelope saw this and wondered if she had done right in speaking—perhaps she had unduly excited him!

At this thought she gathered his poor, weak hands in her firm, strong hold—even as her heart had learned to protect him. She felt his fingers tighten round her own.

"Tell me your name," he whispered.

And in the silence of the room she spoke her name aloud, "Penelope Penrose!"

Something seemed to rise in the atmosphere and wrap itself around them, setting them forever beyond doubt. The woman felt the tenseness of the silence, but dared not break it, because she did not understand the force that was upon her. But there came to her a sense of strength, a sense of triumph, a sense that has led woman on, to joy or misery, since the world began. Penelope Penrose knew now that this man loved her, but she also knew that he had learned to love her not knowing who she was!

For a second she wondered if her sister was right, and it was only a question of whom men were thrown with!

"Penelope Penrose!" he repeated with intense satisfaction, and as his tired eyes closed he seemed to be thinking.

Once more Penelope knew that she was hurrying towards fate—that of her own free will she had again sealed that first compact with Calvin Strachan. Of her feelings towards him she never stopped to consider. Calvin Strachan was a helpless cripple—shorn of the strength that had once been his! And she was necessary to him!

Then, Dr. Saunders, seeing how things were, pushed matters along. The sooner they were married the better! For Calvin Strachan, when he realized what he was, said that he could not have any woman, much less Penelope, give up her life to such as he; and Penelope suddenly hesitated, she hardly knew why, but a strange shyness possessed her.

The doctor had his way, however. Penelope wrote to her sisters, not without a sense of exultation, that the day was really fixed.

And afterwards she fell back on her old belief that everything had been ordered and was satisfied.

They settled down for that Winter in a small house not far from Dr. Saunders. Calvin Strachan had intended going back West, but his accident had upset all plans. "Your husband," the doctor told Penelope, "needs looking after, and I must have him under my eye for a time." That settled matters.

As wife, housekeeper, and more than nurse, Penelope developed into a busy, contented woman. All the pent energies of the past had found an outlet. She grew more expansive, mentally and physically, and the old lines of discontent faded from her face.

Frenie, who stayed with them later, on her way somewhere, wrote back to Elizabeth: "Penelope has lost much of her old, nervous manner, and has altogether gained in appearance—she is really quite handsome—but, between us, I don't think she is quite as refined looking. As for our brother-in-law, I am continually being most agreeably surprised in him. Sickness and losing his limb has helped to modify my old impressions of him. He is devoted to Pen, and she is in her element molly-coddling him. I really think she finds enjoyment in ministering to his wants—you know, Pen! I don't believe she realizes how much he cares for her—but she makes him a good wife, and she seems happy—but think of the sacrifice she has made!"

And so things went on for awhile. Penelope never stopped to analyse her own feelings in regard to her husband—she had married him because he needed her—and he would always need her!

One morning, as she went the rounds of her small house, she took up the papers lying about her husband's desk, as she always did, to put them in order. In her effort to fit these papers into the place they belonged, they pushed hard against some other thing. To get this out of the way she reached in, and pulled out a loosely tied package of letters. The very lightness of her touch hastened an exigency before which all other facts in life dwindled to nothing.

For from amongst the loose leaves there fell out a little old faded photograph—the picture of another woman! And on the back of this picture was written, "Penelope Penrose."

Penelope picked it up, turned it over, to better study it. Then it all came to her—like things seen in a flash of lightning.

This was the woman he had meant to write to—this was the Penelope Penrose Calvin had intended to make his wife!

For they had lived in the same town, grown up together—her husband and this distant cousin of hers! Queer, she, Penelope, had never thought of this before!

With a sudden cry of suppressed passion her hand went towards the pictured face to tear it to shreds. But the storm passed as suddenly as it had risen—and Penelope's hand fell to her side.

Hearing a sound, she picked the piece of pasteboard up, crumpling it in her pocket, crushing it, as something in herself had been crushed.

Everything was too clear now—some slight likeness mayhap—some blurring effect that years and illness had worked on Calvin—the very natural mistake of the letters being addressed to her, since she was the only Penelope Penrose left—the other having long since changed her name—it was all too clear!

From that day life was different. Penelope felt that both she and Calvin were living a lie, and that other Penelope seemed to be ever between them.

Dr. Saunderson's keen eyes searched her face. "Something on your mind is having its reaction on your body. Be careful. Remember, more than one life hangs on yours," he added severely.

"I wish I could get away from here, just for a time, so that I could think—I must," she cried, feeling that he could help her. His strength drew her, as it had always done, from that first day.

"What would your husband do?" Silence. "He can't get along without you—you are as necessary to him as the breath he draws—I felt that before your marriage." Then, as if reading her thoughts, "Why, woman! Do you think I would have urged it if I hadn't seen it was the best thing for both of you?"

"The best thing!" she repeated. "Suppose I hadn't come that day?"

"But you did," he said sharply. "But that's the way. Don't acknowledge the guiding of your life, because you didn't have enough hand in it."

"How do you know I didn't?" in quick suspicion.

"I don't know any prior circumstances to your meeting the day of the accident. All I know is you two were brought together, whether through mistake or purpose is a small matter—the road one travels is nothing in comparison to the place one is going. I, for my part, never question that a Higher Power settles such matters."

"It just happened," she cried in reckless misery. With that she told him everything. "You see now what we both are—living lies—and he believes in me—and yet it isn't me—it's that other Penelope," she sobbed.

Penelope's grief, like everything else about her, was so very genuine that it quite affected the doctor.

"God bless my soul! But if that isn't like a woman," he spluttered at last. "And here you've got me all mixed up, too, hanged if you haven't! You're not yourself, you say! Then who on earth are you? Your husband thinks you are someone else! My dear woman, a man's a fool who does not know who his own wife is—though, I confess, women are

misleading; still, a man knows one from another, and Strachan's no fool! If he intended his letters for someone else, mark my words, he's only too thankful that his intentions were over-ruled by Providence—"

"You believe that!"

"Of course I do! What's that that old wise-acre said about a Divinity shaping our ends? Thank God upon your knees that you've got a husband who loves and appreciates you instead of worrying yourself about the way you got him! Yes, tell him everything. I'll be bound he'll say he knew it all before—"

Penelope's eyes flashed. "I always believed things were ordered, but—but—"

That evening Calvin Strachan sat by the fire reading. He looked pale and tired. Penelope felt the tears come as she wondered if he would live long. Then thought verged aside back to that other woman.

"Calvin—" she spoke so suddenly that he started, "what was it made you first think of writing to me?" Oddly, she remembered now, they had never discussed their correspondence.

"What made you?" she repeated, impatiently.

"I suppose," he said slowly, as if forced to the confession, "I felt that I wanted a wife."

"And anyone would have done!" It was an assertion. Her sharp tone seemed to strike like a missile. The paper fell from his hand, and the crutch, resting against his chair, fell clattering to the floor.

She ran to his assistance. "I didn't mean to worry you—" Then she drew back, remembering what he had done to her.

But he caught at her hands. "Penelope, my wife, are you tired of me?" She felt the passion, the suppressed pain in his voice, but she pulled her hands away, her mouth compressing with the sudden hardening of her thoughts.

"Calvin Strachan," she began in strained distinctness, "I don't know whether you know it or not, but I know it? Your letters were never intended for me—it was a mistake my receiving them!"

"Not a mistake," he cried, "not a mistake!" In his agitation his breath came hard. Penelope, thinking only of her wrongs now, waited. She remembered that first strong feeling of repulsion, then the pity; of all she had done for him, and he had wronged her! In that cruel instant she almost gloated in the fact that he could not come to her; the crutch lay beyond his reach.

Still she waited, full of hard thoughts and sore injury, not understanding; she who was so quick herself, why he did not speak.

And all the time the strange compression grew in his face; then came a sudden quiver, the breaking of some strong emotion.

"I—I can go away," he began, looking at his crutch.

With that the passionate, impulsive woman was on her knees beside him; his helplessness broke her heart. "You don't understand—you won't understand," she cried, her hands clutching at his in her intense desire to make him understand. "I am not the woman you intended for your wife!"

"Not the woman I intended, perhaps; but the woman God intended," he said in a voice which awed her.

"Then you knew—?"

"Yes, I knew," he answered. His eyes were full of strange shadows and his face gleamed white. She looked at him in searching silence. Again the compression seemed to grow in his features, as if he were nerving himself for an ordeal.

Then he spoke: "I will tell you everything. I wrote to that other Penelope. I had known her long ago. We grew up together, and, I will speak truthfully, I had thought of her a great deal. After that first letter I was afraid, remembering certain things; but your answer destroyed fear, your letters drew me on; and, after that accident, it was your face which I saw upon awakening. Yes, the day you told me your name, I knew you were not that other Penelope whom I had known. Did you think me such a fool as not to see the difference? I thanked God. I think I wept for joy. But you did not know it; and, in my weakness, I said, 'Why should I tell her?' The thought of your ever turning from me was agony. Penelope, forgive me—I did not mean to hurt you. I suppose I don't know how a woman feels about this sort of thing, but for myself, I felt God sent you to me—"

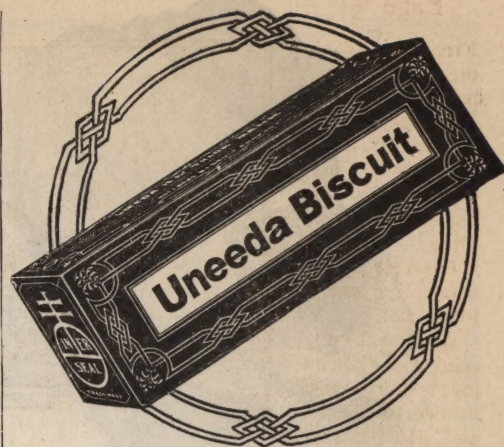
The scales seemed to suddenly fall from Penelope's eyes in that flash of revelation; she saw her husband and herself as she had never seen either before, and seeing, she seemed to understand the meaning of love, that it comes in strange ways, and that our lives are ordered. She knew now, whatever her feelings towards Calvin Strachan had been when she married him, that she loved him now.

"I can go away!" he repeated, watching her face.

With that she clung to him in a passion of weeping. "Never, never! Calvin, I would burn that crutch before your eyes, and keep you in this chair forever, rather than let you go from me—I know now, that it was ordered from the beginning—"

He did not answer, only his arms tightened, and she felt the gripping pressure of his hands. She was satisfied.

"After all," she said that evening, taking the crumpled photograph from out of her pocket, "if it hadn't been for her I should not be here; she was a link in fate—poor thing! I will keep her as a reminder"—and she laughed happily.



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# THE FIRST SPANK

by Nalbro Bartley

Illustrations by  
Edna F. Hart

**G**A-aha-OOOO—grgrgrgr—ooooOooooO—  
OOOO—!!”

Mrs. Richard Benton, senior, stared out the window with a martyred air. She recalled the days of training Richard Benton, junior, now proud father of the small person, howling in the hall. One yell such as the above from Richard, junior, and the result had always been a darkened clothes press and no jam on his bread at tea.

Mrs. Richard Benton, junior, looked appealingly at her mother-in-law. “I’ve told him Norse legends for an hour,” she said sadly, “but it doesn’t have a bit of effect.”

The person addressed continued to stare at the array of back lawns. “He is your own child, Edith,” she announced solemnly, as though it was a new and startling fact.

“Yes, but he does howl so,” the younger Mrs. Benton continued. “He has howled ever since he was a baby. And I never spoiled him by rocking him to sleep—never. I always put him in his crib at a certain hour and left him; sometimes he cried all during his nap time. But I never yielded to him.”

Her mother-in-law paused in the study of landscape. “I rocked my babies to sleep,” she said with a slight suggestion of a sniff, “and when they were Richard’s age, if they tried systematic howling, I spanked them.”

Her daughter-in-law’s eyes filled with tears. “But I’ve studied all the child culture books that the Mother’s Club recommended. I’ve studied all about—”

“I never belonged to a club,” continued the stately, white haired lady, “I never had time.”

“Ya-a-a-a-a-OOOOOOOOOOahahahahaha—grgrgrgrgggggggg—”

“He’s choking,” they both cried simultaneously, making a rush for the front stairs. The small hero of five summers was enjoying an unsuppressed spasm of masculine hysterics. He had implanted his tan boots with much firmness against the polished stair rail and clawed at the wall paper until the imprints of his hands would have enabled a Bertillon thumb expert to track him through countless kindergartens and infant dancing parties. A stuffed monkey lay in shreds about the lower stair and the bent, twisted remains of a set of toy garden tools were scattered carelessly about.

“Sonny!” said little Mrs. Benton.

“Richard!” said his grandmother.

“Want other things don’t want old things—grgrgrgrgrgr—”  
“You want the other things, you don’t want the old things—what other sort of things?” patiently translated his mother.

“Want-ahahahahaha—” The hysterics assumed alarming proportions.

His mother sat down beside him, while he beat a tattoo on her lap with his fists. His grandmother put on her glasses and looked at him severely.

Presently the bell rang. Another young person’s voice asked for Richard. The young person had a new hook and ladder and wanted to play fireman in the back yard. Sudden cessation of tears, sobs, struggles, kicks. A smiling, angel-faced cherub of five was led out to take his part in the fire panorama, glibly promising to be good and cry no more.

Left alone, the two women faced each other confusedly. “I know I ought not let him go,” said his mother, picking up the debris, “but, oh dear—”

“He is your own child,” said her mother-in-law in that same guarded tone she used when discriminating between her pickle recipe and her daughter-in-law’s, her way of packing furs for the Winter and Edith’s manner of scrambling together all the coats and pieces.

“Clang clang!” outside came the children’s voices, happy in their play. So Richard’s mother smiled.

An hour later, Richard was led up the steps by his godmother, who had chanced by at a critical moment in the fire brigade parade. Richard was about to place his younger friend in the back of the hook and ladder, head down. The friend had wailed and Richard promptly thumped him on the back. His godmother, a maiden lady of decided ideas, grabbed him and marched him home.

Richard, white and tearful, looked reproachfully at his mother, as if to say, “How can you let me be so abused?”

Edith listened with an irritated air to the godmother’s account:

“You must do something with Richie. He’s impossible, incorrigible, and of course, he knows he needn’t be afraid of you. I don’t believe in punishing children any more than

you have to, but I think one good spanking would give Richie an entirely new viewpoint of life.”

“Never! Whip my child? Never!”

“Oh, I know your theories about brute force and conquering by love and all that. But if you had seen your son and heir playfully trying to murder little Jamie MacDonald, you’d have—”

“Never! I shall not whip my child!”

After telling her opinion for the third, unsolicited time, the godmother left. Edith remarked, “How not marrying does change a woman’s natural sweetness!” To which her mother-in-law answered, “There is a woman with common horse sense.” Just then, Richard broke a cut glass dish and it took all his mother’s time extracting glass splinters from the dining room rug.

That evening, Richard’s father came down to dinner with an irritated expression. “Really, Edith,” he began, “don’t you think we ought to try a little more strenuous treatment of Richie? I can’t see what this mental control is doing for him.”

Edith dropped her knife and fork in dismay. “Now, Dick—please don’t—”

“I only asked if you didn’t think so. You know he ought to be old enough to let my shaving things alone. He’ll hurt himself if he doesn’t. That’s all I care about.”

“But you wouldn’t have me—whip—”

“I think I would,” said Richie’s father, solemnly. “I think—I would. Mother, what do you say about it?”

“He is Edith’s boy,” said that person, with parrot-like distinctness.

Edith ate no more dinner. She stole upstairs to see if Richie was asleep and found him blissfully cutting holes in the centerpiece on her dressing table. The various silver articles were scattered about the floor and the remains of the stuffed monkey adorned her evening hat.

“Richie, you make mother cry,” she whispered to him.

Richie smiled in mystic fashion and fell asleep, his yellow head cuddled deep in the maternal arm.

It was Norah, the second girl, who came in the next morning, dragging Richie by one portion of his blue rompers. “Sure, it’s the devil that’s in him,” she said angrily, “that makes him cut all the pillows open. All feathers it is that is flyin’ upstairs—just the very devil—”

Richie smiled. His mother looked pained. “Norah, I’ve a mind to let you select Richard’s punishment. I really can’t see why he’s so naughty. Just think, Richard dear, it is Norah that takes care of your dear little nursery and that helps you dress in the morning and—”

“It’s a good spankin’ I’d be givin’ him,” said Norah emphatically.

Edith held out her arms to clasp Richard tight. “Never!” Richard crept into them contentedly, triumphant in his safety. Mommer could always be reckoned on. He even stuck out the tip of his little red

tongue at the irritated Norah and then dimpled when she glared at him.

Edith’s brother, Jack, came later in the morning. Richie loved his Uncle Jack. He had a systematic way of going through his pockets and finding the nicest sort of surprises in the way of English toffee, burnt almonds and funny little wooden toys from Switzerland. Richie firmly believed that they grew in Uncle Jack’s pockets. And toy plants and candy trees must require watering, same as ordinary green things that grow in red pots. So Richie poured a pocket full of indelible ink into the side pocket of the light gray coat, before Uncle Jack was aware he was being irrigated.

Then came an explosion. “Edith, for heaven’s sake, whip this boy and make him behave like any other ordinary youngster. These fiendish ideas are the result of that fool culture business you’ve been doping out—”

“Jack—Richard—how could you—”

Richard, secure in his mother’s arms, nestled the yellow curls in her lap and refused to listen to the mud being thrown on his good name. He tried to tell them he did it to make the toys grow—and incidentally to watch the coat change color. But his uncle, en route to a coaching party, didn’t catch his viewpoint.

“He ought to have a good spanking, that’s what will bring him out of the kinks,” he said, “and nothing else will. There’s a time and place for all this child culture stuff and there’s another time and place for being laid gently across mother’s knee. But you’d never spank him, never. It’s Dick that will be slated for that.” And Jack brushed away a last oozing stream of ink and looked wrathfully at the mop of half-buried curls.

“I shall not spank Richard,” said his sister icily, “and you may send the cleaning bill to me.”

Uncle Jack departed in high dudgeon, leaving Richard’s mother to worry about the bad temper of her favorite brother and to expostulate firmly with Richard about the evil of pouring ink into the pockets of light gray coats. “Or any other coats for that matter,” she added hastily, knowing that with Richard one must make strong, definite limitations and restrictions.

Richard listened attentively and then wandered outdoors to bask in the sunlight. Catching sight of the next-door prize collie, Spartan, a new idea was born within him. That is the way the culture books expressed it. His uncle would have said, “He was looking for more trouble.”

Spartan panted beneath his heavy coat. It was a prize coat, the means of winning two trophy cups and endless blue ribbons for his owner. Said coat was to be exhibited within six weeks at the Fall bench show. Spartan, true to his name, had born Summer suns and scorplings with a noble quietude and an eye to the future.

“Spartan is hot,” said Richie to himself with surprising distinctness. He could reason in grown-up language, when he chose.

Spartan loped across the lawn and licked the little tan boot carelessly. “Hot?” asked Richard.

Spartan panted.

“Want your clothes off?” continued the friend of all dumb animals.

Again Spartan drew another panting breath.

“I’ll undress you,” promised Richie, who knew his mother’s big shears lay in her work basket on the porch table.

Spartan stretched full length on the stone walk. It felt cool to his furry exterior. Presently, the blueingham form of Richie the Just stole down, scissors in hand and began a-snipping and clipping of the tawny masses of hair. Spartan snored on in peace. Perhaps when Richard dug rather near his innermost person in hot pursuit of a choice bunch of burrs, surrounded by golden hair, he felt that some wilful flea had refused to slumber and was prowling into regions strange. But being a philosophical old chap, Spartan slept on, while the pile of dismembered locks mounted high.

Richard’s forehead grew moist and hot and he breathed heavily, as he began on Spartan’s tail. Clip, clip, clip. The tail resembled the old umbrella form that one tries to sell the second hand man in the early Spring. Little Jamie MacDonald, forgiving of disposition and kind of thought, came on the scene, just as old Spartan obligingly turned over and let Richard have leeway on his south side.

Jamie, with Scotch thrift, gathered the locks of hair in his hands and tried tucking them down Richie’s neck. Richie, intent on his work, offered to let Jamie help, if he would stop fooling and contribute a pair of scissors.

“What you cut for?” asked Jamie cautiously.

“Too hot,” was the brief answer.

Jamie departed in search of scissors. He returned,



Spartan slept on, while the pile of dismembered locks mounted high

three minutes later, with a tiny pair of manicure scissors, which he laid gently against Spartan's right eyebrow, "Cut him here—see better," he explained to his chief, who merely glanced up to see that the novice understood the spirit of the work.

But no flea ever dared tackle Spartan's right eyebrow on a mid-summer morning. They had their place and were taught to keep it, so the tickle of the steel blade against the shaggy eyebrow roused Spartan to action. He gave one warning growl and rose to his feet. As he did so, a shower of hair fell on the walk, and Richie's father and the owner of Spartan, returning for lunch, had full benefit of the tableau.

Quick action followed. Exit Jamie MacDonald by way of the nearest back yard. Yells from Richie and loud mutterings from Richie's father. The owner of Spartan looked down at the remains with a peculiar expression. Yet he felt a sense of secret guilt, for it had been his wife who had proposed Richie's mother as a member of the Child Culture Club. Spartan, relieved of surplus wearing apparel, barked joyously.

"Of course," said Richie's father to his mother, "I think that even Edith will admit that a good spanking is the only efficacious measure to be taken."

"It seems to me," began his mother and then stopped, as Richie's mother came in tearfully with, "What shall I do to him? Isn't it dreadful? The Grimbs fairly worshipped Spartan—"

"Spank Richard," came in stoic accents from her husband.

"Spank Richard!" The words sounded like high treason; coming from his father.

"Now Edith, be sensible. This is no time for maudlin sentiment or near child psychology. This is the place for common sense. Richard must be taught to let property not belonging to him alone. He knew it was wrong. Don't tell me he didn't, or I'll think my son is almost an imbecile. Why, little Jamie MacDonald ducked as soon as he caught sight of us."

"Mrs. MacDonald spanks Jamie, too," murmured Edith.

"Of course she does," said Richie's father, "and that is why Jamie knows when things measure up wrong. Besides, there is only one thing that will ever make Joe Grimby feel all square with me—that is to spank Richie."

Mrs. Richard Benton, senior, nodded approvingly. "You ought to spank him," she said, as if it were a novel idea.

"I—I can't," wailed Richie's mother.

"Then I shall," said Richie's father.

"Oh no—you'll hurt him; you don't know how strong you are—"

"I'll do it," said Richie's grandmother.

"Oh Mother Benton, not you; Richard never associates you with anything but love and harmony and—"

"I shall spank him." Richie's father had a determined look in his eyes and he set his mouth in a straight line.

"Dick, please, please—please—"

"Edith, don't be foolish."

"But wait till bedtime—don't spoil his afternoon. Oh, please—"

"I am going to do it now."

"Everyone has wanted it done—I hope you'll all be satisfied. Just suppose something should happen to him this afternoon—you'd have that memory—"

"That I proved myself a father, if only for a minute and a half."

"But he didn't mean to be naughty; he clipped Spartan because he wanted to make him cooler."

"I take notice he knew enough not to ask for the scissors—didn't he?"

Richie's father had his foot on the first stair. His mother looked at him proudly. Here was a son to be glad of. Edith buried her face in her hands. "I'm going down in the basement," she said brokenly. "I can't stand it—to hear—the—blows!"

Her mother-in-law seated herself placidly by the window to resume a study of landscapes. Her husband gave Edith a look of scorn and bounded upstairs. In the kitchen, Norah and the cook watched with sorrowful eyes the figure of Richie's mother fleeing to the laundry.

Richie's father opened the nursery door, wherein the prisoner had been led. Everything was quiet. Presently a small voice asked wistfully, "Father, why doesn't the engine go?"

Father looked down at a remote corner of the room and saw the prisoner trying to make his latest gift work.

He drew a deep breath, advanced to the prisoner's corner and coughed softly.

"Father, was you ever a little boy?"

"Richard, you know what you did to Spartan?"

The yellow curls began a rotary motion.

With a generous, condescending gesture, Richie answered graciously, "I cut his clothes off—made him cool."

"I see," said his father meekly. "What pair of scissors did you use, son?"

A chuckle, an understanding wink, such as only passes between two good pals. "Mommer's. An' little fleas ranned in her basket." Another understanding wink. More motions of the yellow head.

Richie's father swallowed hard. He twisted his head about nervously. Great Scott! what was there to punish the youngster for, anyhow? Yet he had promised. So he reached down ever so gently and took hold of one tiny blue gingham-clad arm.

Yells of glee ensued. "Toss me up high," commanded the prisoner, "make my head bump the ceiling if you want to I won't yell father!"

And three times the yellow head lightly touched the nursery ceiling.

Then Richie's father withdrew and tiptoed downstairs.

His mother rose from her window seat majestically. "Did you—"

Richard's father twisted the Panama hat in his hands and tried to look over the top of his mother's head. "Call Edith from downstairs, will you? Tell her I guess she better manage it—I can't." He faded from sight.

Richie's grandmother went upstairs with a slow, even tread. Determination gleamed in her eye.

"They shan't spoil my grandchild," she said to herself, as she opened the nursery door. Richie came forwardly confidently and rubbed his yellow head against her black dress.

"Richard, I have come upstairs to spank you," announced his grandmother, evading the blue upturned eyes;—"to spank you because you clipped Spartan."

She paused—waiting for the effect. Richard stared at her sadly. "Is grandma sick?" he finally asked tenderly. The uplifted hand was lowered. Tears came into the stern eyes and the wrinkled face relaxed. She gathered the soft, pliable little body in her old arms and hugged it tightly. He wriggled, the same, restless, boyish wriggle that his father had before him. Spank Richard! Touch that helpless little mite—

Five minutes later, Edith was roused from her crouching position in the laundry. "Edith," said her mother-in-law nervously, "you had better come upstairs—"

"Richard! What did he do to him! What did he dare do to him?"

"He didn't even shake him," she was told, "he said—he—couldn't. So I went upstairs and tried to—but—he smiled and all the spank went out of my heart."

Edith scarcely paused to listen. She went flying up to the nursery. Her heart

Concluded on page 13.



Upstairs in a dark corner sat a defeated warrior

## The Men We Love and The Men We Marry

Are there generally two men in a woman's life—the man she loves and the man she marries?

A woman, keenly observant, and who has seen much of girls and women, holds that it is more often true than many suppose. Then she explains how it comes about: what it can mean, in suffering, to a woman, and what is the duty of a woman to be the wife of the man she married, not that of the man she wishes she had married.

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## A Mother's Life Work

By Nellie Decker Vanderpool

PART I

**W**HEN my sisters and I were little girls, I remember how fond we were of telling what we intended to do when we grew "to be ladies."

As we grew older we still talked much about our future, altho' we would then, in a very dignified manner, refer to the various occupations which we thought would probably occupy our time, as our "life work." After we had all learned something useful, by which we could, if necessary, earn our living, we would sometimes become discontented and wonder if we would not like some other work better.

Mother had, of course, heard much of the talk we girls indulged in and I shall never forget the look on her face when she lay my first-born in my arms and said, "You will never need to wonder again, my daughter, as to what your life-work is to be. It is right here."

How often since I have thought of her words as I realize that although one may, if there is plenty of money, hire a seamstress to clothe the children, a cook to prepare their daily meals and a tutor to educate them, nevertheless, a true mother's work is still with her children, for there is much in the training of a child in order that he or she may become a good man or woman, that cannot be delegated to hirelings.

It is our fortune, or misfortune, as one looks at it, to live in a small—I was about to write house, but I am going to write "home" instead, as the word is so suggestive to me of happy thoughts, rollicking playtimes, loving confidences and a thousand other things that should always be where there is a mother. And when the house seems altogether too small for the brood of healthy little ones who occupy it, I recall the saying that "the happiest people live in the smallest houses" and try to be content in our close quarters. For our home is surely well filled, as since our first-born—who is now nearly as tall as his mother—arrived, four little blue-eyed girls have come to bear him company.

We are all sitting around the dining room table as I write, for I have found it to be an impossibility to keep my dining table "set between meals," as we always used to say, for how can five wide-awake youngsters play games, draw maps, work out a knotty problem in mathematics, or build a high block tower on a table which is spread with the traditional smooth and snowy damask cloth?

So, as we lack room for a library table, where these various occupations could be carried on, we cheerfully lay the cloth at meal times and between times make our table a center of cheer and attraction. At present, all have a book, not even excepting Baby Doris, who has, as yet, but seventeen short months to her credit on the birthday record, but who has already begun to copy the ways of her elders. She is very noisy over her linen copy of Furry Friends, so that Muriel, the five-year old, who is much interested in the pictures relating to a story of Molly Cottontail, looks up and exclaims, "I do wish Doris wouldn't read so loud," and I, looking at the clock, observe that it is time for Doris to be reading her stories from the Book o' Dreams, so in a short time quiet reigns around the big center table.

Then mother takes up the story of Molly Cottontail, which, along with other marvelous tales, is contained in a scrap book made by the older children for Muriel's especial benefit, and from which the bedtime story is generally read. How much a mother misses who does not find a few minutes during the twenty-four hours of the day, to read to such appreciative listeners as children always are, if interested. How Muriel's eyes sparkle as Molly has a "fizzywinkum fit" and she and

mother join in a gale of laughter that somehow smoothes over the remembrances of two or three hard times that have occurred during the day, for

Muriel is an impulsive, quick-tempered little lady, who is just beginning to tread the path of self-control and often finds it very rough for her little feet.

Eight o'clock has struck, the girls are all abed, George has prepared his arithmetic lesson for the morrow and father and mother settle down to read and discuss an interesting article in one of the magazines in which George is also interested. Our Winter evenings are nearly always spent in a way similar to this one, for unless there is work that is very pressing indeed, I have always believed that the evenings belonged to my husband and children, and during the quiet hours that follow, after the younger members of the family are asleep, I gain rest and strength for another day's tasks.

There is so much knowledge that girls need that is not found between the covers of the text books that, after all, it will not break my heart if my girls do not (do not look over my shoulder now, oh ye shades of college graduates!) graduate with honors at the head of their respective classes. Gladys is already learning to cook, and when, on one of the rare occasions, I am obliged to breakfast in bed, she brings me a slice of toast and an egg, nicely prepared and tastily served, I believe I am as proud—perhaps prouder—as I am when she brings home an excellent mark, showing her knowledge of the tribes inhabiting Africa, or the spelling of some four syllabled word. Not interested in their studies? Yes, indeed I am, but I am very anxious for my girls to become capable housewives, and to be well fitted, if such is to be their privilege, to be happy wives and mothers, as Nature intended them.

As I said before, our home is small and our income is in the same condition, and that it takes considerable thought on the part of the head managers to make it cover the needs of a growing family, so we do not keep hired help, except when it is an absolute necessity. And at such times I am thankful beyond measure, when I am again mistress of my domain. Once in a while, however, when there is a meal to prepare, a hole to be darned in Mildred's frock, before she can possibly wear it to school, Muriel's hair to comb, the baby wanting to go to sleep and a number of other things actually crying to be attended to, I am apt to fret over the

limitations of one pair of hands and wish for someone, capable and willing, to help. But where we live, at least, it is next to impossible to secure such a helper, so I console myself by first putting the baby to bed, as she is so sweet, it rests me just to look at her and then I attack the other vital points.

When there is no outside help, each member of the family has an appointed task and many are the steps taken by willing little feet to save mother's strength. I have always wondered at a mother's complaining that it was too much trouble to have her little girls work with her; maintaining that it was far less trouble to do the tasks herself, never thinking that the work, at first so hard for little fingers, will, after a time, become easy, so that mother will be spared much care and strength and the daughter will have learned much that cannot fail to be of use.

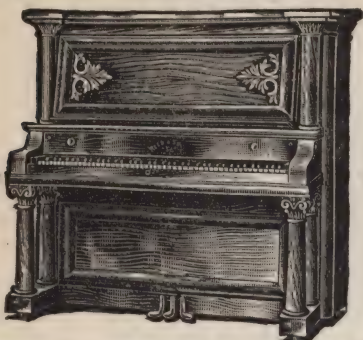
It is bedtime and as Kate Douglas Wiggin so beautifully writes, "The events of the day march through my tired brain; so tired! so tired! and just a bit discouraged and sad, too. Had I been patient enough. Had I poured out the love—bountiful, longsuffering—of which God shows us the measure and fulness? Had I—but here I close my eyes, thanking the Father that there will soon dawn another day in which I may try to train my dear ones for their "life work."



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"You don't suppose I'm going to let you live in a city boarding house?"

# A WOMAN'S HAPPINESS

By Mella Russell McCallum

**W**E had no business marrying." "O, Ted, how can you! Haven't you been happy?" "Happy? That's it, exactly. And now I can't bear to give it up."

"Give it up? Why, Ted—" "You don't suppose I'm going to let you live in a city boarding-house, do you? That's what this means for me." Sharply, Ormsby tapped a buff-colored envelope.

A placid little lake-side resort; fresh, fresh air and glorious green hills; cool, shadowy woods and dancing, glittering water; twenty-seven days and six hours—it had all comprised their honeymoon. Now came this rude interruption. Ormsby was of the *Herald's* family, and it was just like an unfeeling newspaper to send him off at this time, for six months—perhaps a year. "Sorry, old man," Jones had written, "but you're the best man for the case—know you'll appreciate how it is," etc.

For a time Margaret was silent. Then, "You'll have to take me with you, Ted," she said quietly.

"O, girlie! You don't know what you're saying. It wouldn't pay to keep up a house for so short a time, you know, and we can't afford decent furnished apartments—not there."

"Is boarding so—so fatal?"

"My wife in a typical city boarding-house? And they're all typical!" groaned Ormsby. "I should say not! You don't understand, Meggy. They are terrible. You would die. I should be obliged to leave you alone a great deal—sometimes evenings, too. You would surely die."

"Nonsense!"

"But what would you do with yourself?"

"I could get work. I'm sure I could do any kind of office work. O, Ted, think how chummy it would be for us both to be working—working in a big city! It would be the test of our love, dear—the transition from all this,"—with an eloquent gesture, she gazed at the reddening west and the reflected glory of the water.

Ormsby interrupted. "Yes—transition from heaven to—"

"Hush! I've always wanted to be real—real Bohemian. It would be so much nicer than settling right down to humdrum, and this is our chance."

Ormsby argued, pleaded and waxed wrathful by turns. Margaret argued,

pleaded, and waxed tearful by equally effective turns. "You don't know us women," she declared bitterly. "You don't understand the stuff that makes up a woman's happiness."

Finally, they compromised. Margaret was to go on probation, and if, after a month, she was not well, happy, and unchanged in every small detail, she was to go home and wait with patience.

The boarding-house was just as Ormsby had predicted—from his standpoint. Margaret didn't mind it. It amused her mightily that hot water could be at such a premium in a civilized world, and that there were twentieth-centuryites who ate with their knives.

"You won't think it's funny very long," warned Ormsby.

"Perhaps not, but that won't matter. I shall be just as happy," maintained Margaret stoutly. "Haven't I you?"

But the second week almost belied that consolation. Ormsby's case began to require more and more time. They were almost never together, and, when they were, Ormsby made the moments miserable by insisting that Margaret was unhappy, and that he was a fool and a brute to have allowed it. If Margaret as much as made a mild remark about being glad to see him when he came home, he would break out with, "There! I knew it! You are dying of lonesomeness—dying by inches!"

It was lonesome. To deny it would have been foolish. Their room was small and dingy, and Margaret disliked sight-seeing alone. She wasn't of the fancy-work ilk, and there was nothing to do but read. She longed to sew, to mend, but all their clothes were so horribly new and strong. Then she remembered her original idea about working. There was a large manufacturing concern near, which must keep a good-sized office force. She resolved to apply for work there.

Surprisingly, she was taken at once into a big room full of typewriters and adding machines and flat desks, and told that she would receive eight dollars a week if she proved a good tabulator. They were short-handed, they said, and wages were up. That night she walked home on air.

"Yes, I suppose so," grumbled Ormsby, after she had unbottled her enthusiasm.

Continued on page 10

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## A Woman's Happiness

*Continued from page 9*

"I can't see it that way, myself, however. The idea of wearing your strength away for the ridiculous sum of eight dollars doesn't appeal to me. But it won't last long, so drive away. Only two weeks left, you know."

"Two weeks! Why, Ted, I'm happy as a lark. You know the agreement. I was allowed to stay just so long as I was happy, and you know perfectly well I am happy! I never was more contented."

But Ormsby had been putting in every spare moment convincing himself of the great wrong he had done in allowing so frail and fair a blossom to live and have its being in the withering atmosphere of a boarding-house, until he had become utterly wretched himself. And no attempt of unalloyed contentment on Margaret's part tended to palliate matters. "You're game to the last ditch, Meggy," he would say, "but I'm not going to take you there. We'll have to change the agreement to include my happiness, too."

The prospect of separation dulled the days, and Margaret's hopes almost died. She used to cry about it when she was alone. "If he could only see that he, and not the boarding-house, is making me unhappy," she would whisper to herself sadly, "and that the dear, short times we are together make up for all the rest—with a wide, overlapping margin."

The last night of the month Ormsby met her as she came from her office. "You look pale, dear," he frowned as she slipped her hand through his arm.

"Nonsense! I feel positively buxom. Let's go to the theater to-night. There's no reason why we can't afford some little good times now, dear boy, for my money is so purely extra."

Ormsby's mouth drew into a straight line. "We are going to pack your trunk to-night, dear, so we have no time for theater or anything else."

Slowly a dull, rebellious red overspread Margaret's delicate features. She spoke hotly. "Ted—"

But the sentence was never finished, for Ted was lying on the pavement very still, while up the street a motor whirled swiftly out of sight.

They carried him up to the little room. One of them was a doctor, but which one Margaret couldn't tell. She was clutching the marble-topped old dresser, while the men and the dingy furniture and the quiet figure on the bed whirled round and round the little room on the third floor of the despised boarding house.

A sharp voice brought her back. "You are his wife?"

"Yes—yes. Tell me—"

"Good! Are you strong, young woman?"

"Yes—very. Tell me—"

"Then we'll leave him here, men," continued the man with the square jaw, ignoring Margaret's entreaties. "You may go now. That's all. Now, young woman," he turned to her at last, "your husband isn't dead—yet. But you've got the job of your life. He's better off here than in a hospital, for I like your looks. Do you understand? Constant care and absolutely no disturbance. Yes. There, don't look so wobbly around the mouth—we must get him to bed."

The days that followed were very black. Ormsby slept through them all, silent,

motionless. Except for the short walk which the doctor made her take every day, while he relieved her, Margaret never left her husband's side. She thought of nothing but letter-perfection in this new, responsible, heart-breaking role; she saw nothing but Ormsby's white face, with its terrible peacefulness.

The *Herald* sent on another man, but they didn't stop Ormsby's pay. Also, when he was able, Jones said he was to go on with the case. She was glad of that. It would be good to tell him so—when he woke up. If he ever did.

Eight, nine days.

Ten, eleven days.

Then on the twelfth, he called her name. His voice was so weak it could hardly have been called a whisper, but his eyes were open and looked at her with perfect intelligence.

"Ted!" She tried to repress the joy of the word, and the quick tears that had been held back so long.

"Yes, we are going to pack your trunk to-night," mumbled Ormsby. "You look so pale, I can't bear it any longer." Evidently he had forgotten or had never been conscious of all that had happened since last he had issued that order regarding her trunks.

"Yes, Ted. I'll be all right after I get home though," she whispered softly.

"I'm so tired," sighed the man. "Let's hurry and pack."

"Yes, dear." She laid a cool hand on his head, and he slept.

"Good—good," jerked the doctor that night. "That's right, tell him anything—lie like a hero. Just don't excite him—don't cross him!"

Next morning Ormsby opened his eyes again—sanely. "There!" he moaned, "I knew it! Here I am, ill, and you wearing away your strength—"

"Hush, Ted!" There was a clear, imperative tone in Margaret's voice. It was too late for deceptions now. She was thinking very hard. Placing a cool, firm hand on either side of his white face, she knelt beside the bed. "Listen—you have been very ill for twelve days—no, don't talk until I've finished, and then you may say anything you like—and, without me, the doctor says, you—you wouldn't have pulled through—yes, he really says so. It was worrying over me that caused it, and a motor did the rest—but there's nothing to worry over now," she saw a spasm of understanding cross his face—"for you're getting well already," she rambled on desperately. "They have sent on Dickson—Jones wrote such a nice letter—your pay goes on, and you are to finish the case when you are well again." Was she exciting him? He was so very white and still? Oh, ought she to have tried another way? And yet, he was clamoring for the truth—his eyes demanded it, and she knew Ted—better than the doctor. "Yes, it's so nice of them. And, you know, dearest boy—I'm going back home just as soon as you're able to spare me. I'm going—back—home."

The white face turned, and smiled. "I guess not," rang out a voice that must have been Ormsby, only so startlingly strong. "You are going to stay right here and look after me—keep me from getting run over like a baby—"

"There, there," soothed Margaret, hiding her triumphant eyes. And a small, bright something spattered joyously against the coarse blankets.

## GRANDMA'S COOKY CROCK

By Mamie Lenore Broomall

They talk about the old arm chair,  
And 'bout Grandfather's clock,  
But who in all the world has sung  
Of Grandma's cooky crock?

There're ginger cookies large and brown  
There're little cooky men,  
And cookies too with raisins on,  
I'm sure I could eat ten.

The older children ask for one,  
The rest begin to tease,  
And even two-year Morris says:  
"A tootie, Drandma, p'ease!"

We grown folks cannot be excused,  
For when at home we meet,  
We step inside the door and say:  
"Ma, what you got to eat?"

Then Grandma says with twinkling eyes,  
"There's lots of cake and pie,  
And meat galore;" but very soon  
The cooky crock we spy.

We all then take a cooky brown,  
And soon we're back for more;  
Ma always says they're not as good  
As she has made before.

But as we finish them we think  
In years to come that we  
Will ne'er forget that cooky crock,  
Well known to you and me.

# A Little Episode of Married Life

By Helen Peck

TING-A-LING-TING-A-LING-a-ling." The telephone bell broke rudely in upon the thoughts of Emily Williamson as she sat with her mouth full of pins, planning the tucks in a green pongee waist. The jump she gave, and the resulting jab of the pin points, reminded her forcibly of the promise she had given her liege lord one day, that she would not put pins in her mouth. She removed them with guilty haste, and flew to the receiver.

"Hullo! Yes, this is 7000. Oh, is that you, Tom? Well, I am thankful to hear your voice. What? Oh, just sewing. What? Theatre? Well, I should say I would. The Clarendon? All right. Six o'clock sharp? That will be perfectly lovely. You are a duck to think of it. Yes. I understand. Six o'clock at the Clarendon. Goodbye, dear."

It was then only four, so she decided that there would be just time to fix the sleeves in her white lace waist and bundled up the green pongee, to await a more convenient season. Under the stimulus of the anticipated pleasure, the sleeves went just right, and were completed well within the time limit she had set for herself.

Emily took great pains with her toilet, for Tom always noticed the little touches that made her distinguished-looking even in her plainest garb. In her black broad cloth suit and black hat, with its pile of plumes, and her fluffy marabout boa, she was "a sight for sair e'en," and she knew Tom would like her.

She was so anxious to be on time that she overstepped her own allowance of five minutes' grace, and arrived at the hotel at a quarter to six. Having assured herself that Tom was not in the office, she proceeded to the parlor on the second floor to wait for him; picked up a magazine, threw back her boa, and became at once absorbed in a story.

Suddenly realizing that some time had elapsed since her arrival, she glanced at her watch, to find it a quarter past six. That was very strange. Tom always met her promptly.

She went again to the office and looked about. No Tom. Back again upstairs to wait another fifteen minutes. Then another glance at the office, and another wait. At seven o'clock she began to feel decidedly frightened and made up her mind that the best thing to do was to go home again, as fast as possible. Tom had probably been knocked down by a truck, or run over by a trolley car; and as he had his name and address sewed into the lining

of his coat, they would take him right home. The ambulance would arrive about the same time as herself, and they would not be able to get in, and then goodness only knew where they might take her poor, suffering darling. Why had she ever left home? Nobody knew where she was. And probably there wouldn't be a drop of hot water, and doctors always want that the very first thing. Suppose he should be unconscious and not know her, when she finally came.

The car crawled. She sat on the edge of the seat, with tense nerves

and scarlet spots in her cheeks until their corner was reached, when she jumped from the moving platform, and ran up the street. There was no ambulance in front of their door, and no response to her frantic ring. She let herself in and flew upstairs to an empty apartment. It had taken nearly half an hour to get home, but there seemed nothing to do, but lock the door and go back again, as fast as possible. So back she went only to repeat her former experience. No Tom. She waited another half hour before going home again.

Quarter past eight found her dragging her trembling limbs again up the stairs, and trying with trembling fingers to fit the key into their door. Everything seemed the same, only the loud ticking of the clock sounded ominous as the knell of doom. She lighted

the gas, preparing to telephone Police Headquarters for news of any recent accident, upon the streets. As she touched the receiver, her eye fell upon a sheet of paper pinned on the wall. Written upon it in Tom's cheerful scrawl was:

"If you come in here again, for goodness sake wait here until I come back. Tom."

The relief that swept over her was almost too much to bear, and she dropped into a chair with a weak little giggle that was almost a sob. Just then the doorbell rang. Tom's own ring. She ran to the door to meet the man she could hear coming upstairs two

steps at a time. She threw herself into his arms, as she laughed and cried and choked into his collar "Oh—Tom! I thought you were killed!"

Then spake Tom: "I would just like to know where you have been. I have been hunting for you ever since six o'clock. What? In the restaurant, ordering a planked steak. What? I sent Henry. He knows you. What's that? Take your

face out of my collar. Second floor parlor? Oh, jingo—no! Why didn't I? I did. You must have just gone. What? The janitor's wife saw you. Well, nobody is killed, anyway. Let me go a minute, dearie. You get out some crackers and cheese and make a cup of coffee, while I telephone and see if they will exchange those tickets."



## Just to Help a Little

TO MAKE new window shades from old, carefully remove shade from roller, rip out or cut off the hem, and attach this end to roller, hemming the other end and replacing stick, it will now have the appearance of a new shade.

A half of a lemon placed in a cake box will keep the cake from drying.

A lump of charcoal placed in the refrigerator will keep it free from odors.

White curtains may be made a beautiful ecru tint by following these directions: Dissolve tumeric powder, one tablespoonful to a gallon of water. After the white curtains have been thoroughly cleansed, boil in this solution for a few minutes.

Do not use too hot an iron when ironing delicate colors. The heat from the iron will fade the goods just as surely as the sun.

Don't neglect to give the baby water often. Milk is a food, and does not take the place of water.

The bread jar should be taken out and sunned for a short time every now and then, and again scalded and dried, and on no account should new bread be stored with old.

Always keep a pair of shears in the kitchen for cutting lettuce, celery, etc. for salads, for trimming meats and for cutting raisins for cake.

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## EDITORIAL OUTLOOK

### An Old Housewife Says

**W**OMEN, have your suppers on time. Many a man has "just stepped out a few minutes," while waiting and has gone to a saloon—without really intending to, either. Be sure and have the table laid when your husband comes home. Men are queer creatures. If a meal is wholly prepared and the table unset the house-man groans inwardly or outwardly—according to temperament—at the thought of a long wait while if the table is set and the meal only half done, he will read his paper contentedly for an hour or so, quite unconscious of the lapse of time.

If you have been real saving about a meal don't go into details while your husband is eating, telling him how you used those beans, potatoes, etc., which would have otherwise been thrown out. You will spoil his appetite besides making him suspicious of future dishes.

If you greatly yearn for improvements, well and good. Perhaps you can't get them and are not to blame but you are to blame for not having such contrivances as are in the power of any woman to devise. One woman on visiting a house which she once occupied commented warmly on a shelf or two which had been added to kitchen or pantry. She knew it was an improvement. She had lived there for years and always wanted the shelves. Think of it! In these days of strong brackets at five cents a pair and packing cases at ten cents, she ought to have been ashamed to tell it.

Have a pretty kimona, but don't, I beg of you, wear it about the house. Have it for lounging, that is if you are a worker—and you will find it no end of comfort—not mind you, for evenings, when your husband is at home—how men do detest kimonas! But for the afternoon rest,—you ought to plan to take it—it pays. When your rest time is over, wash, comb and put on your afternoon or evening dress. You will certainly feel and look refreshed.

I. D. C.

### The Strength of the Double Desire

**U**ET us both want it with all our might, and then since thoughts are real things we shall have a double chance of getting it." The wife spoke smilingly, ready to accept a masculine jest at a thing removed from the accepted commonplaces of everyday life. But the husband had no jest. He was an average hard-headed American, but he had already seen the oneness of desire work out in his home and was not ashamed to admit the efficacy of the plan.

First they had wanted a house of their own. It had seemed almost an impossibility when they began to talk of it, for they could get so little money ahead. But because both kept that desire to the front they were ready for every small opportunity. So they found the house that they could get for the small amount they could pay down. Then they wanted more technical education for the husband, so that he might do better in his work. And again the opportunity had come because they were prepared to recognize it. And now they were wishing for a new position for the husband. They could not work for it in any way, nor even ask for it. They could only desire with the unspoken prayer of two hearts. And the position was offered to him. Perhaps because he was prepared for it, but could those thoughts set adrift over the great sea of humanity have had anything to do with it?

They were willing to try again. Looking on down through the years what good thing could they not have if their two hearts desired it? Harmony first of all came from the oneness of desire. They wanted the children to grow up educated for efficiency, and trained for an honorable place in the world. They wanted to pay back their share of helpfulness and service to those less fortunate than themselves. They set high ideals for their home, and community life, and with oneness of desire they were always moving toward their ideals. It was astonishing how many things they reached that had seemed far away when they planned them.

Oneness of desire the true home must be founded. Any other way leads to unhappiness and failure. When the wife's whole seeking is for ease and pleasure, and the husband's for money, it is inevitable that the real home spirit should perish. And it is sadder yet when the one heart is passionately desiring the things that will make home, while the other is indifferent.

"How can two walk together except they be agreed?" They cannot and do not. They eventually find their way to the divorce court or live in a disrupted home that is a mockery of the name.

Z. M. W.

### Lawlessness

**A** FEW years ago, Charles W. Eliot, then president of Harvard University, called attention to the lawlessness which seemed to him to have become characteristic of American people. Our space does not here permit an examination into why lawlessness should show such a pronounced growth.

It may be that we might find some explanation in the tendency to regard Sunday as a day of pleasure rather than the Puritan's day of rest and worship. We are ourselves concerned more with a possible remedy for existing evils than with an explanation of why and how the evils came into existence. And in this connection it would seem the housewife and the mother can do much toward banishing lawlessness. Her influence upon her own and upon other children is great. She should feel her responsibility and gently but firmly curb the lawlessness that is now and then manifested by every normal child. The woman who perhaps seems so insignificant to herself, may, if she will, do a great and noble work of far-reaching importance if she makes a law abiding citizen out of a young colt of a boy and her influence may be tremendously extended by her offspring pupil.

Law—to speak in metaphorical terms—is like a protective fence built along the highway. The traveler who uses the highway only as a line of travel will find the fence no barrier. If he seeks to turn aside and to trespass upon the fence-protected fields or gardens, then the fence instantly becomes a real obstruction. When the law's intent is frustrated and its majesty rendered contemptible, the community suffers to a greater or lesser degree. The woman who finds a purse and makes no effort to restore it to its owner, is as guilty in the eyes of the law as if she had stolen it. She belongs, because of her neglect, among the lawless. Not so long ago a visiting naval commander, touching at the port of New York, invited many guests on board his flag-ship. They came and enjoyed the ship's hospitality. When they had departed, it was found that they had looted the ship of almost everything portable. Hotels and restaurants suffer severely in this way and silver spoons, small sugar bowls, individual tea pots and other similar objects, carried away as souvenirs, are too often shamelessly displayed afterwards with joy and even pride by women who do not seem to realize that they are thieves and robbers. The customs service has many stories to tell regarding lawlessness displayed by both men and women in attempting to smuggle. The pay-as-you-enter cars now used in many cities have served to cut off losses to the transportation companies through passengers who formerly, because of congestion, lawlessly escaped paying fares. As President Eliot pointed out, our very freedom gives the opportunity for lawlessness. Neither the men or women of America can afford, however, to become known as favoring lawlessness, either by practice or otherwise. We should not forget that it still remains true that "honesty is the best policy."

W. G. B.

# System in Housekeeping

By Myra H. Horton

**T**HERE is no woman who does her own housework, no matter how cheerful by disposition or intention she may be, but has at some time sighed to herself over the nightly dinner dishes

"Man works from sun to sun,  
But woman's work is never done."

Even with the aid of "System," that right bower of the housekeeper, there is still considerable needless repetition connected with housework. A good dose of concentration may be applied in domestic labors, as in business, for the purpose of locating and rectifying certain leakages of time, or "false moves," that might be placed to better advantage elsewhere.

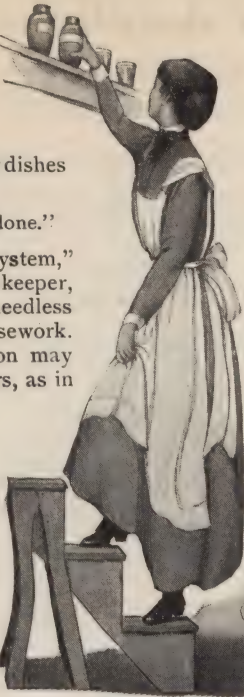
One of the most common excuses offered by the young housekeeper to account for any negligence attributed to her, is "Oh, I haven't the time!" That was what Edith said to me when I asked her to attend a meeting of the musical club to which she had belonged prior to her marriage three years before; and after making this excuse, she proceeded to run upstairs twice in succession to fetch respectively her eyeglasses and the pattern she hadn't thought to bring the first time.

"Edith, I said to her, "you run upstairs several times when once would do, and you are obliged to make three trips downtown to my one. Take it from an older housekeeper than yourself, that a minute saved is a minute earned, and earn the time for the club you enjoyed so much three years ago."

She laughed, good humoredly, and must have accepted the advice, for she has been a regular attendant at the club ever since.

How often do you other Ediths run upstairs of a morning? Or down cellar, and on coming up, discover that you must go directly down again? Consider not only the time, but the strength saved in the avoiding of such false moves. For example, if you have to go down cellar directly after breakfast to attend to the furnace, plan at the same time to bring up the potatoes from the bin, also that can of mincemeat you will need for pie, and don't forget to take down with you those old rags for the rag barrel.

But concentration means more than merely remembering. For instance, plan your baking and cooking so that all will go along together, and you will not be obliged to wait fifteen or twenty minutes in the kitchen after everything else is done, for fear that the pudding may burn if you leave. Attend first to those things that take the longest time for cooking, and work in the others while you are waiting



for these to finish. When I am working alone, with a considerable cooking and baking to do, I like to put my breakfast dishes to soak and use the stove while the fire is fresh. Then, with everything started, I can wash my dishes and watch the baking at the same time; also the morning's cooking utensils can be washed with my breakfast things, thus saving me the annoyance of a second dish-washing bout.

Again, one may save time on the nightly dinner by cooking soups, baking bread and cake, and boiling potatoes in the morning. The cold potatoes may be creamed, hash-browned, Lyonnaised, scalloped, and worked over in numberless other toothsome ways that take less than half the time it would require to peel and boil them.

Biscuits, as every woman ought to know, can be warmed to simulate fresh-baked by dampening slightly

and covering closely a few minutes in the oven. There are many dinner dishes that may be baked in the morning and heated for dinner.

Carry this same idea through the sweeping and dusting and marketing and all the rest of the work involved in running your home, and you will make new discoveries enough to feel yourself a veritable Christopher Columbus. Plan to omit all extra running about, and thus accomplish the double purpose of saving strength as well as time. Mass the work as much as possible, making fewer and shorter the "waiting" times between tasks.

After all, waiting is about as tiresome a form of work as maybe, especially when watchfulness must accompany it.

Your time is your own to spread over your work as you see fit. By making the various edges of your tasks overlap each other, you may cut down your working hours proportionately, as you have much or little to do. Five or ten minutes saved on five or six tasks will naturally be less than those saved on ten or twelve, but neither are to be despised. By this means, your leisure, too, becomes massed together—and who cannot better enjoy one straight, undisturbed hour than six times twelve minutes?

But in the midst of your planning, remember one thing—that it can be carried too far! There will always be many factors outside of our control that will have their effect on whatever we propose. We must not become so hurried or so anxious that the sudden miscarriage of our plans shall upset our equanimity. For, after all, they are intended only for use as our servants—not our masters.

# HIS FIRST SPANK

Continued from page 7

beat wildly. But no sobs were heard. Richie was engaged with a picture puzzle. He looked a trifle bored when his mother clasped him in her arms and asked him what they had really done to him.

"Done nuffin'."

Sometimes Richie was frightfully irritated at this absurd concern of his maternal parent.

"Father didn't—Father tossed me up high; he smiled." Richie went on piecing the puzzle.

"And Grandma?"

"Then they didn't spank him!" Edith smiled thankfully. "I knew they couldn't."

"But you know, dear," she continued, "Richard was a naughty boy and he really ought to have been spanked for cutting Spartan. Mommer thinks she ought to punish him in some way—"

Richie looked up in desperation. "Mommer couldn't hurt a flea," he jeered, "mommer couldn't do nuffin'—mommer couldn't do nuffin'—"

The tide turned; eternal feminine could not stay loyal when vanity was wounded. Richie had flecked her on the raw. A bit of Richie's own quickness of action came into place in the way his mother caught

him and laid him across her lap to administer a generous number of slaps, despite yells, shrieks, wriggles and kicks.

"Mommer—can—hurt—a—flea—mommer—can—hurt—naughty—little—boys," she emphasized.

Then she put him in a corner and went down stairs, flushed with victory.

"Yes I did, Mother Benton. And I'm going to again. Until my son learns that

going to again. Until my son learns that his mother is something else besides an unbreakable, untiring, useless plaything!"

unbreakable, untiring, useless plaything!" And with a spirit of progress in her eye, she swept a batch of child culture pamphlets from her writing desk and proceeded to break the news of victory to Richie's father by way of telephone.

But upstairs, in a dark corner of the nursery, sat a defeated warrior, suffering, inconsolable. His mommer had proved herself a match for her small son. His mommer, to whom he fled in all times of trouble and perplexity, had laid her hand on his sacred person. His mommer had shown that she was a woman of strong purpose and determination—that she was his equal! Yet while he sobbed, deep in his heart was born a new feeling of awe and reverence for her.

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# HOUSEWIFE FASHIONS

## Peerless Patterns for Ladies

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OUR very attractive costumes for ladies are pictured on this page. With the exception of the first, all may be made simply for morning wear, or as shown, are suitable for the afternoon. The first, No. 5566, is an evening dress, which closes at the back. It is supplied with a body lining, and the skirt is a two-piece Empire model. The pattern is cut in six sizes, from 32 to 42 inches bust measure, price 15 cents. In the 36-inch bust size, the dress requires 7½ yards of 24-inch goods, 5 yards 36 inches, or 4½ yards 44 inches. The lining for the same bust size requires 2 yards of 24-inch goods; or 1¾ yards 36 inches. As pictured, the dress is made of old-rose corded silk, figured in darker rose. The chemisette and sleeves are of cream-white Venetian lace, and the trimming is of lace banding to match, laid over dark rose satin.

The second dress is one of those rare garments that can be

plies the trimming. For an elderly lady, finely tucked silk can be used for the guimpe, and the rest of the dress may be of plain fabric with several rows of silk-finished mohair braid or soutache to trim. A black, dark blue or gray dress can have the guimpe of white silk or of black-and-white striped or checked silk.

The third figure displays a simple yet stylish combination of No. 5557, Ladies' Shirt Waist, which may have long or elbow sleeves, and is in six sizes, from 32 to 42 inches bust measure, price 15 cents, and No. 5552, Ladies' Six-Gored Skirt, closed at the left side of the back gore, in five sizes, from 22 to 30 inches waist measure, price 15 cents. In the 36-inch bust size, the waist requires 3¾ yards of material 27 inches wide; 2¼ yards 36 inches, or 1¾ yards 44 inches. In the 24-inch waist size, the skirt requires 4¾ yards of 27-inch material, 3¾ yards 36 inches or 2¾ yards 50 inches. In the



No. 5566, Ladies' Evening Dress with Two-Piece Empire Skirt

No. 5577, Ladies' Surplice Waist, and No. 5555, Three-Piece Skirt

No. 5557, Ladies' Shirt Waist, and No. 5552, Six-Gored Skirt

No. 5542, Ladies' Yoke Waist, and No. 5559, Three piece Skirt

worn by the middle aged woman, or even by the elderly one, if certain adaptations are made. It consists of a combination of No. 5577, Ladies' Waist, in six sizes, from 32 to 42 inches bust measure, price 15 cents; and No. 5555, Ladies' Three-piece Skirt, in five sizes, from 22 to 30 inches waist measure, price 15 cents. The waist has no shoulder seams and closes at the front. It is supplied with a separate guimpe, which is used in the present case, but which can be omitted, making the waist semi-low necked and with elbow sleeves. The surplice fronts are a pretty feature. The waist in 36-inch bust size requires 2½ yards of 24-inch goods, 1¾ yards 36 inches, or 1¾ yards 44 inches. The guimpe requires 2¾ yards of material 27 inches wide, or 1¾ yards 36 inches, with 1 yard of 18-inch all-over for yoke and cuffs. The skirt, No. 5555, is three pieces and closes at the back. The 24-inch waist size requires 4¾ yards of material 27 inches wide, 3¾ yards 36 inches or 2¾ yards 50 inches. As pictured, the costume is made of black-and-white shepherd plaid mohair, with guimpe of nainsook embroidery. White cloth, braided in black, sup-

present instance the costume is made of gray-and-white striped wool poplin, with trimming of black velvet and steel buttons. The panel effect of the skirt appears in the back as well as the front.

The last figure shows a very pretty waist, No. 5542, which has a front yoke and closes at the back. It is in six sizes, from 32 to 42 inches bust measure, price 15 cents, and in the 36-inch bust size requires 2½ yards of material 27 inches wide, 1¾ yards 36 inches, or 1¾ yards 44 inches. With this waist is worn Three-Piece Skirt, No. 5559, which has detachable panels back and front, and is in five sizes, from 22 to 30 inches waist measure, price 15 cents. In the 24-inch waist size it requires with panels 5¾ yards of 27-inch material, 3¾ yards 36 inches, or 3¾ yards 44 inches. As pictured, the costume is made of gray-and-blue satin foulard, and is trimmed with dark blue velvet and blue soutache. The yoke is made of white lace, and the standing collar supplied with the pattern is in this case omitted, making the neck slightly low and in Dutch square outline.

## Peerless Patterns for Girls and Children

The price of any apron pattern shown on this page is 10 cents. Any pattern shown can be obtained from the nearest dealer in Peerless Patterns, or will be mailed postpaid from The Housewife Pattern Department on receipt of the price. Be sure to mention size wanted. This is important.



No. 4850

No. 4771



No. 4615

No. 4108

FROM the many designs presented on this page any mother can surely make a selection to suit her own taste. Some of the little garments are so simple in cut and construction that they can be made in an hour or so. All are planned to make laundering easy.

No. 4850, the first apron shown, is in one piece and six sizes from 6 to 16 years. For the 12-year size will be required 2 yards of material 27 inches wide. For older girls it makes a serviceable cooking or sweeping apron. It has a single pocket.

No. 4771 is the most elaborate model shown, the front being box-plaited while the back is gathered to the skirt. It is in four sizes from 6 to 12 years, the 8-year size requiring  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material.

No. 4615 is another very simple one-piece apron with no seams whatever, the closing being effected by buttons and buttonholes on the shoulders and a strap buttoned across the back. The apron can be laid perfectly flat for ironing. It is cut in five sizes from 4 to 12 years, the 8-year size requiring  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material which is 27 inches wide.

No. 4108 is to be slipped on over the head, and has under-arm and shoulder seams. Sash ends confine the fulness at the back. This is a particularly becoming little garment and is cut in five sizes from 2 to 10 years. For the 8-year size will be required  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards of material 27 inches wide.

No. 4681 is a one-piece apron with under-arm seams only. It can have a square or round neck, and be worn with or without a belt strap. It is cut in six sizes from 2 to 12 years, the 8-year size requiring  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of material 36 inches wide. For very little girls it is a most becoming apron.

No. 2952 is the kind of apron that never goes out of fashion, supplying as it does complete protection to the dress underneath. It is in fact a dress in itself and can be, if desired, worn over the petticoats. It is cut in six sizes, 2 to 12 years, the 6-year size requiring  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 27-inch goods.

No. 4356 is very pretty yet simple. It is tucked at the shoulders to yoke depth back and front, and is to be had in five sizes from 2 to 10 years, the 8-year size requiring  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 27 inches wide.

This is a model which is best adapted to development in thin fabrics such as lawn, dimity or nainsook.

The last garment pictured is a yoke apron, the front being loose while at the back the fulness is held in by a belt strap. The neck of this apron may be made high and completed by a band collar, or it may be cut to Dutch square outline. The sleeves may be in wrist length with wristbands, or may be in cap length as preferred. The pattern, No. 4767, is in four sizes from 2 to 8 years, and the 4-year size requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of material 27 inches in width. Like No. 2952, it can well be substituted for a dress.



No. 4108

No. 4681

No. 2952

No. 4850

No. 4771

No. 4356

No. 4767

No. 4615



No. 4681

No. 2952



No. 4356

No. 4767



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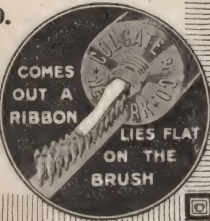
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No. 5556, Child's Dress No. 5554, Girls' Coat No. 5545, Child's Coat

**C**HILD'S Dress, No. 5556, is the first pattern pictured on this page. It has a front yoke and panel, cut in one, and may be made with high or low neck, long or short sleeves. It is in three sizes, 1, 3 and 5 years, price 15 cents. In the 3-year size it calls for 3 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide, or 1 7/8 yards 36 inches, with 3 1/4 yards of insertion. As pictured, the dress is made of nainsook.

No. 5554, Girls' Box Coat, is in four sizes, from 6 to 12 years, price 15 cents. The 8-year size requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material, 2 1/2 yards 44 inches, or 2 1/8 yards 50 inches. As shown, the coat is made of Russian blue frieze, with facings of dark blue velvet.

For a coat for the very little child, No. 5545 is recommended. It has no under-arm seams and is supplied with a cape. It is cut in six sizes, from six months to 5 years, price 15 cents. For the 3-year size is required 2 3/4 yards of 27-inch goods, 2 1/4 yards 36 inches, or 1 7/8 yards 44 inches. As pictured, the garment is made of scarlet zibeline.

No. 5541, Girls' Sailor Dress, has a skirt attached to an underwaist. It is in four sizes, from 6 to 12 years, price 15 cents. The 8-year size requires 5 yards



No. 5541, Girls' Sailor Dress



No. 5556 No. 5541 No. 5554 No. 5545

of 27-inch material, 3 3/4 yards 36 inches, or 3 1/4 yards 44 inches. The dress is here pictured made of blue serge with collar, shield, etc., of white serge, trimmed with dark blue soutache.

The last illustration shows No. 5536, Children's Set of Short Clothes, consisting of cap, coat, dress, and petticoat, price 15 cents. The set is cut in four sizes, from six months to 3 years.

In the 2-year size the little cap requires 3/8 yard of material 27 inches wide, with 1 1/4 yards of edging and 1 yard of narrow insertion to trim. The coat requires in the same size 2 3/8 yards of material 27 inches in width, or 1 3/4 yards of 44-inch goods, with one piece of braid to trim. The dress requires 2 3/4 yards of 27-inch material, or 1 7/8 yards 36 inches, with 3 1/2 yards of insertion and 1 1/4 yards of edging. The petticoat requires 1 1/4 yards of material 36 inches in width, with 3 3/4 yards of edging 3 3/4 inches deep. This little set supplies designs for nearly every garment required for the baby's first short clothes, and the several models for garments here presented can be greatly varied by using different kinds of trimming. The cap can be made of silk, velvet, cloth or lawn. The coat of cashmere, flannel, cloth or bengaline.



No. 5536, Child's Outfit

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## A Pumpkin Party

by Emily Rose Burt

**A** HALLOWE'EN pumpkin party for young folks is sure to be a great success and is not at all hard to plan. Some effective invitations may be made from orange cardboard with borders of wee black Jack-o'-Lantern faces cut from black paper, leaving holes for eyes, nose, and mouth, through which the orange color shows. Other pretty invitations are made by painting a golden pumpkin with its trailing green vine at the top of a cream-colored sheet of note paper, or by pasting an odd orange pumpkin face in one corner of a white card. Anyone who is clever with pen or paintbrush may make grotesque little figures with pumpkin bodies and heads, dancing across an invitation.

A jingling verse seems to fit the invitation better than a more formal wording. Any simple rhymes, such as the following:

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,  
Gives a party hallowe'en;  
Won't you come and help make merry.  
Three and half-past six, between?

Or,

A pumpkin face, a pumpkin pie,  
A pumpkin party by-and-by;  
Please come and have some pumpkin fun,  
And we'll be merry, every one.

The house is decorated with Jack-o'-Lanterns, lighted to receive the guests. If the party is in the afternoon, the shades can be pulled down so that the rooms are filled with a witching gloom, through which the pumpkin faces grin cheerfully. A large Jack-o'-Lantern peers through the front door as the guests arrive, and another lights the hall. If the party is not too large, it is rather nice to have huge pumpkins placed about the floor for the guests to sit upon, instead of chairs.

If possible, the hostess should be dressed to represent a pumpkin, in a costume of orange cambric and a tiny green-paper cap. A boy may have a suit of orange also, which is stuffed out on all sides to give the round appearance of a pumpkin, or he may dress as a goblin in a suit of green with orange spots, tan stockings and shoes.

There are several fascinating new games which will amuse the guests. The first of these is called "Pumpkin Coach." All will remember the story of Cinderella and her fairy coach, upon which the game is based. One guest is chosen as "fairy godmother." She whispers to each of the others the name of something connected with Cinderella's famous trip to the ball room in her coach drawn by mice. One has "rat," another, "wand," another, "slipper," and so on. The "fairy godmother" stands in the center of the circle and begins to tell the story of Cinderella, using in it the words she has given out to the players. Whenever she mentions a word which has been given out to some one, that one rises from his seat, turns around three times and sits down again, but whenever the "fairy godmother," in the course of the story, uses the word, "coach," or "pumpkin coach," or "fairy coach," all the players have to jump up and exchange places and the "fairy godmother" tries to get a seat. If she succeeds, then some other person is left without one and must go on with the story.

In the next game, which is called "Fill the Pie," the players sit in a circle. One of them starts the game by saying, "I made a pumpkin pie yesterday and in it I put—" and he mentions something of an orange or yellow color which he put in. The next player repeats what the first one said, and puts in something else, and so it goes around the circle. The whole speech may sound something like this when it reaches the last one in the circle:

"I made a pumpkin pie yesterday, and in it I put an orange, a buttercup, some yellow paper, some fire, a banana, some sunshine, a chrysanthemum, the table cover and the lamp shade." If anybody cannot think of something in his turn, or forget what any of the others have said, he must drop out until the next time around. The second time around the first speaker says,

"When my pie, made of an orange, a buttercup, etc., was done, I gave a piece of it to—" and mentions the name of some living thing, the name of which begins with "p." Thus the formula will be after this fashion, perhaps: "When my pie, made of an orange, a buttercup, etc., was done, I gave a piece of it to papa, to the policeman, to Patty, to Peter, to the painter, to the pug-dog, to the pony, to the pussy, to the pig," and so on.

The third time around, the formula may be something like this: "When I gave a piece of my pie, made of an orange, a buttercup, etc., to papa, the policeman, to Patty, etc., they all said 'Thank you,' 'It is very good,' 'It's delicious,' 'How nice,' 'Splendid pie,' and so on, each naming some expression of gratitude.

The game of "Jack-o'-Lantern Grins" may follow this. All the players are asked to sit without smiles on their faces. The one who begins the game grins broadly, then pretends to wipe off the grin with his fingers, and throw it at some one of the others, who immediately must break forth into a smile, while the one who threw it keeps a perfectly straight face. It will not be long before the players will be having hard work to keep sober faces.

After this a "Pumpkin Seed Hunt" is started. Pumpkin seeds are hidden about the room and each guest is given a little bag of orange-colored cheesecloth in which he is to put all the seeds he finds. One seed has a funny little face marked on it with ink, and after the hunt is over, the finder of that seed is made keeper of a little store, in which there are various small favors to be bought and paid for in pumpkin seed cash. Very simple trifles are easily made for the store. There can be tiny penny dolls, dressed in bits of yellow ribbon, an orange crayon, a brilliant mask of orange cambric, a small yellow box with a penny in it, a real orange, a pin cushion in the shape of a pumpkin, a few orange and yellow marbles, some gilded nuts, a tiny pad of paper tied with an orange bow, and any other little favors.

There are various ways of decorating the table. A very unique centerpiece is Cinderella's fairy coach. A pumpkin is hollowed out and made to look like a little coach. Round window holes are cut in the sides and a little coachman's seat is fashioned in front. Eight toy mice are harnessed to it and a small lady-doll and two little boy-dolls take the parts of Cinderella, the coachman and the footman. Another centerpiece that is mysterious enough to fascinate any one is a large pudding, made of brownish yellow paper, stretched over a big pan. Under the paper are little favors which the guests draw out by means of ribbons attached. The favors may be comical little goblins, or orange paper caps, or small wooden rolling pins, or even tiny toy pies themselves. A large Jack-o'-Lantern may be the center of attraction, with similar tiny toy ones at each place, all lighted with wee candles.

A more elaborate table decoration is a miniature cornfield, with little stacks of corn, made from yellow straws, and tiny pumpkins, fashioned from orange modeling clay. Green paper for the vines is easy to get and brown cloth or paper makes a good imitation of the soil or ground. A little mock scarecrow in the field adds to the illusion.

For refreshments the color scheme is easily carried out. The sandwiches may be filled with peanut butter, orange-colored cream cheese, or the hard-boiled yolk of egg, chopped fine and mixed with salad dressing. Banana and orange salad may be served in Jack-o'-Lantern cases, made from oranges, and there can be tiny individual pumpkin pies. Orange sherbert may follow, accompanied by small cakes, frosted in orange, with the face of a Jack-o'-Lantern outlined in white sugar. Orangeade, in a tall glass at each place, is a delicious drink to finish the menu and the color scheme.



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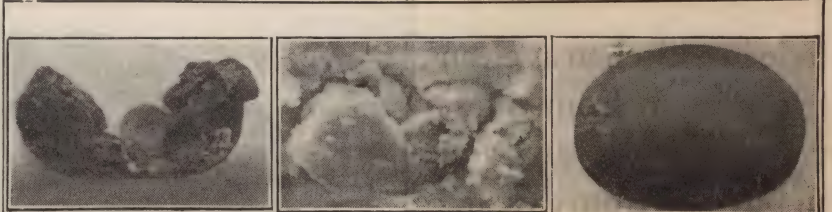
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## THE COOKERY CLASS



Black Walnut Cake

## NUTS AND APPLES

By Lilian Dynevor Rice

**A**UTUMN brings with her three delightful contributions to the menu—nuts, apples and grapes, although these are only a part of her bounty. English walnuts, Brazil-nuts and almonds are so often considered in cookery that our own domestic varieties are somewhat lost to sight, yet there are no more delicious, rich food kernels than our hickory, black walnut, butter-nut, chestnut and peanut, and all these possess nourishing qualities as well. Black walnuts and butternuts are not as popular as they deserve to be because of the hardness of their shells and the stains they impart to the hands of one who tries to reach their meats, but once open, the large kernels and the fine flavor make up for the trouble. It really repays any one who is fond of these nuts to purchase a patent nut-cracker which works on the leverage plan, and is in operation at all shops dealing in cracked nuts. Lacking that, the head of a hatchet and a flat stone will serve fairly well, and if the nut be struck on the side, not the base or top, it will open much more readily and yield the meat in much larger pieces. Peanuts offer no such obstacles, and are the most willing of the shelled food products to yield up their little pea-like kernels; in fact they are really members of the pea family, although they have been long enough classed with nuts to be considered as such.

If salt be taken with raw nuts no indigestion follows their being eaten, and they are fattening and wholesome. Chestnuts make an appetizing soup and croquettes; peanuts can be ground to flavor some butter; and the others go well in cake, salad and sweet-meats of various kinds.

For nut butter, peanuts are the best to use, although hickory-nuts are fairly good. A stone mortar and pestle enables one to do the work easily, but a marble or stone slab and a heavy well-scrubbed flatiron make pretty good substitutes. Roast the nuts slightly—do not get them brown—then remove the thin, brown, inner skin and run the nuts through the finest part of the meat chopper or through the coffee grinder set very close. After this, pound the nuts to a cream, adding a few drops of olive oil and a little salt. The butter should be smooth as dairy butter. Do not make much at a time, as it will not keep over a week or two, and then only in a cold place in a well-covered jar. For sandwiches this is delicious; also the coarsely ground nuts, just as they come from the chopper or coffee mill, can be mixed with mayonnaise and used as a sandwich spread, which goes particularly well with whole wheat bread.

A cake made with black walnuts as one of the ingredients is rich and of unusual flavor. For it use one and a half cupfuls of sifted granulated sugar, half a cupful of butter,

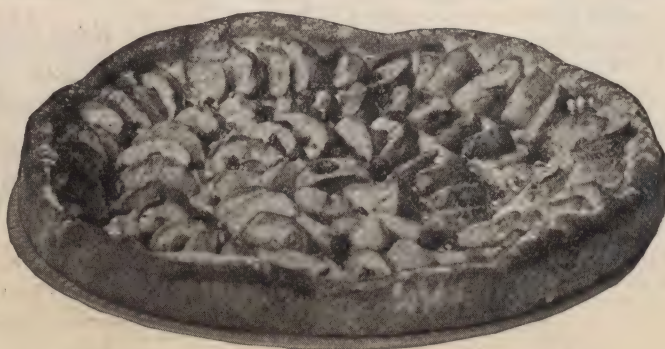
two-thirds of a cupful of sweet milk, one egg well beaten, half a cupful of chopped black walnut meats, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and flour sufficient to make a stiff sponge. Put the walnut meats in boiling water before chopping, then rub off as much of the black inner skin as possible. Bake in a loaf.

Nut meringues can be made of either hickory nuts or peanuts. A cupful of either should be pounded until almost a paste. Beat stiff the whites of two eggs with half a cupful of powdered sugar, then mix in the nuts. Drop in tablespoonfuls on buttered paper laid on a baking tin, and bake in a moderate oven until light brown. Or they may be made smaller by being dropped in teaspoonfuls, then after they are cold put two and two together with a little preserve or jelly between them.

Peanut or hickory-nut jumbles are rich and delicious little cakes, for which cream together one and one-half cupfuls of butter with two cupfuls of granulated sugar, then add six well-beaten eggs and three cupfuls of flour, mixed with half a cupful of cornstarch and a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Flavor with a teaspoonful of lemon extract. Roll out thin, then sprinkle over each chopped peanuts or hickory-nuts, which have been mixed with an equal quantity of granulated sugar, then press the nuts in with the rolling pin and bake crisp in a hot oven.

For a rich nut layer cake use the walnuts or hickory nuts, two-thirds of a cupful being required. Cream together half a cupful of butter and one and a half cupfuls of granulated sugar, beat in the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two, a cupful of sweet milk and two and a half cupfuls of flour, which has had two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted with it. Flavor with vanilla or lemon, two teaspoonfuls of either. Last of all, stir in the nuts which have been dusted with flour. Bake in layers. For the filling and icing, boil one and a half cupfuls of granulated sugar with half a cupful of water and a pinch of cream of tartar to keep it soft. Beat the two whites of eggs left over from the dough until very stiff, then pour the hot syrup over them, beating all the time. Flavor to match the cake and decorate the top icing with nut meats.

To pass on to the subject of apples, it may be well to give a recipe for apple layer cake which is not very well known. For the cake itself use the above recipe, and if the nuts are left in all the better, but it can be made without if preferred. For the filling, grate three good-sized tart apples and mix with them the juice and grated rind of one lemon and a cupful of powdered sugar, also one well-beaten egg, and cook for two minutes after it begins to bubble. Let cool then use as a filling. Leave the top plain or ice with same as for the nut cake.



German Apple Cake



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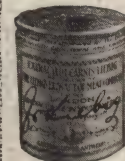
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German apple cake is a pastry well worthy of adoption. For the pastry part, sift together two cupfuls of flour and a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, then rub in a tablespoonful of butter, add a pinch of salt, a well-beaten egg and sweet milk to dampen to a dough that can be rolled. Roll to half an inch thickness, then line a large pie tin, the kind that has straight sides like a jelly cake pan. Fill this with pared and quartered apples, arranged in orderly rows, sprinkle with washed and dried currants, the grated rind of a lemon and a generous amount of granulated sugar. Bake in a quick oven until the apples are soft and the crust brown, then sprinkle with a little powdered cinnamon and serve hot or cold with sweet cream.

Apples baked in the casserole with chopped dates for filling are of delightful flavor and form as hygienic a dessert as could be wished. Use sweet greenings and remove the cores but do not peel. Fill the cavity with chopped dates, from which the pits have been removed. Pack in the casserole and add a very little water, about half a cupful. Put on the casserole top and bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour. The apples will be plump and glossy and delicious either with or without cream and sugar.

Boston apple pudding is another wholesomely simple dessert, composed of two cupfuls of brown bread crumbs and an equal quantity of peeled and chopped greenings apples, mixed with two-thirds of a cupful of chopped suet, a cupful of seeded and chopped raisins, a well-beaten egg, a tablespoonful of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt. Stir into this a cupful of sweet milk, pour into a brown bread mold and steam for three hours or boil for two.

Serve with a custard sauce flavored with lemon, made by cooking together a cupful of sugar, half a cupful of butter, one well-beaten egg, the juice and grated rind of a lemon and half a cupful of boiling water. Cook until thick and use hot or cold.

the browning may be even. Do not let scorch or get too brown. A dry nut like an almond requires a little melted butter sprinkled over before the salt is added.

Chestnuts can, however, be made into most delicious soup of almost as nourishing quality as chicken. Three cupfuls of shelled chestnuts are required and these must be blanched by boiling water being turned on them, after which the skin is rubbed off. Cook two cupfuls of the nuts in slightly salted water to cover, until soft enough to be pierced readily with a fork, then add a pint of rich milk and simmer for fifteen minutes. Better do this in the double boiler, to prevent scorching, and in that case cook for half an hour. Chop the other cupful of nuts fine. Rub the cooked nuts with the milk through a colander, add a pint of cream and the chopped nuts and simmer after bringing to the boil for ten minutes. Flavor with salt, pepper and a little butter.

Roasted peanuts may be made into an appetizing soup in combination with canned tomatoes. Prepare them as for peanut butter, omitting the olive oil. Mix to a cream with a pint of water, then add two cupfuls of canned tomatoes which have been put through a colander and cook for ten minutes. Remove from the fire and stir in a pint of boiling hot milk. Season to taste.

An Italian recipe which is well worth trying is for stewed chestnuts. For this dish slit the shells of perfect chestnuts sufficient to weigh a pound and a half; put these in the oven for ten minutes then shell and par-boil in slightly salted water for twenty minutes, drain and rub off inner skin. Put the nuts in a saucepan with a quart of rich milk, a blade of mace, one small white onion, peeled and stuck with one clove, and a stalk of celery. Boil until the nuts are very soft, probably half an hour, then pour off what milk remains, remove the celery, etc., return the chestnuts to the saucepan with a tablespoonful of butter, and gently toss the nuts in this until slightly browned, being careful



Stuffed Baked Apples

Jellied apples are a slightly sweet dish, good for luncheon, dinner or Sunday tea. Use firm greenings, which pare and core. Weigh them, then put them in a deep saucepan with boiling water to cover, and simmer until tender. Remove them carefully to a platter and set away to cool. For every pound of the apples add to the water in which they were boiled half a pound of granulated sugar also a sliced lemon. Bring the mixture to the boiling point then put in the apples, but do not crowd them. Better to cook a few at a time. Boil or rather simmer until the fruit looks clear, then remove with a skimmer to the dish in which they are to be served, and when all are ready add to the syrup, after straining it, a quarter of a box of gelatine, which has been softened in a little cold water. Dissolve this in the syrup, let it boil once, then strain again over the apples. Set in a cold place for twenty-four hours. Serve with cream.

Apple meringue cake is delicate and quickly made. Bake two round sponge cakes as for layer cake, and put together with the apple filling previously described. Cover the top with the apple filling, then on this put a meringue of two egg whites, beaten stiff with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Brown slightly in the oven.

Apple cup salad looks well and tastes equally well. Select handsome dark red apples, and core, also pare in such a way that the lower part of the peel remains, simulating a cup. Rub the peeled surface with a cut lemon to keep it from turning dark. Fill the centers with chopped celery mixed with with chopped hickory-nuts or walnuts and moistened with a little stiff mayonnaise. In the center stand up a little sprig of lettuce and stand each apple on a ring or heart leaves of the lettuce. The core cavity should be somewhat enlarged to admit of a generous portion of the salad.

Any of the nuts, save the chestnut, which gets too hard, can be salted and kept for future use in closely covered jars. Take the black walnut, butternut or hickory-nut meats just as they are picked from the shell, but remove the peanut's inner skin. Put the nuts in a tin plate, sprinkle with fine salt and toast in a hot oven, shaking the plate so

not to break them. Squeeze the juice of a lemon over them. Thicken the milk with flour and butter and pour over the nuts just before serving.

Chestnuts may also be used to make the much liked sweetmeats, *marron glace*. The large French or Italian nuts are really best for these, but the largest of our own kind are fairly satisfactory. They must be shelled and blanched as for stewed chestnuts, then boiled in slightly salted water until they can be pierced with a knitting needle. They must not be soft enough to crumble. Boil to the ball stage a pound of granulated sugar with a cupful of water, skimming off the scum as it rises. Drain and wipe the nuts dry, then drop them in the syrup. Simmer until the nuts look brown and clear; take out with a wooden fork, not running this through them but using it to lift them on to paraffine paper, and let stand in a dry place until dry and sugary, or they can be kept in glass jars in the syrup.

Butternut croquettes are a vegetarian dish which, however, will be liked by almost every one who tries them. As butternuts are not obtainable in all localities, black walnuts or English walnuts may be used. A half pint each of bread crumbs and chopped nut meats are required, these to be mixed, then flavored with salt, pepper and lemon juice. Beat an egg and mix in, then make into round or oblong croquettes, dip in beaten egg, then in crumbs, and again in the egg, and fry brown in deep fat. Serve plain or with cream sauce.

Peanut hardbake is a nourishing sweet cake, fine for school luncheons, or for serving with afternoon tea. For it bring to the boiling a half a pound of strained honey, then add half a cupful of roasted halved and quartered peanuts, a little candied lemon peel and a shake of powdered cinnamon, also a quarter of a pound of grated chocolate. Mix well, then stir in gradually two tablespoonfuls of corn flour or else one tablespoonful of cornstarch and one of flour. Take from fire, and when slightly cool make into cakes the size of gingersnaps and an inch thick. Garnish tops with roasted peanuts, dust with powdered sugar and cinnamon and bake in a slow oven for an hour.

## Uncle Billy and the Beans

BY ANNIE LOUISE BERRAY

**L**ITTLE Mrs. Hudson, on her way to answer the bell, hurriedly threw her dough-smudged embroidered apron behind the dining-room door and brushed the flour from her nose. The hall was so dark that it was a moment before she recognized her visitor, a small, brisk old man, with twinkling blue eyes. Another moment, and then, throwing both arms around his neck, she began to cry.

"Uncle Billy, Uncle Billy Dyer!" she sobbed. "You angel from heaven! You!"

"Land over Jerden!" exclaimed Uncle Billy, crooking his head to keep his niece's tears from running down inside his neck band. "There, here now! What is it?"

"C—can you cook?" she demanded, lifting her head and hunting for her handkerchief.

"Cook? Land of love, I should say I could!" Uncle Billy produced a handkerchief of generous proportions and dried her eyes himself. "Why didn't I think of that, now? As if brides didn't always have times with their cookin'. What you been trying to make, money?" he sniffed inquiringly. "Angel food?"

Mrs. Hudson smiled wanly. "N—no. It's unshine cake," she faltered. "I made it out of one of those wedding present cook books. It's—Oh, it's just like all the other messes I've made, only worse. And Jack eats them to please me and I'm afraid I'll poison him. I'm sure he'd look thin already if he weren't so—if he weren't so happy. But really, Uncle Billy," her voice was anxious again, "what will I do? He comes home at noon on Saturday, and it's fine!"

"We'll give him beans," said Uncle Billy. "Oh, baked beans, do you mean? I never thought of that. You see, I've made mostly salads and souffles and a lot of things that turned out so queerly I didn't dare call them anything in particular."

"And I'll run down to the grocery store to buy them," she chattered on, "while you sit down and make yourself at home. Isn't it cozy?"

"Cozy!" Uncle Billy seated himself gingerly and looked about him. "It is so," he assented. "Makes me think of a man I heard of that moved into one of these same air-tight, kin-tight places. Said he'd be comfortable as soon as he could find him a folding toothbrush. Jack must have shrunk some since I saw him last," he observed, eyeing the doorway.

"Wait till you see him," Mrs. Hudson laughed happily. And she slammed the hall door as she ran.

By eleven o'clock the beans were baking in the square box of an oven that fitted over the two burners on the microscopic gas plate. Uncle Billy and his niece sat down in the parlor for a good visit before lunch. That is, Uncle Billy sat in the parlor. Mrs. Hudson put her hair in the doorway, with the rockers extending into the dining-room.

"Don't you worry about your cooking," Uncle Billy consoled her. "Land over Jerden! I wouldn't wonder a mite but what you'd get to be as good a manager as your Aunt Jane. Your great aunt from Scotland. She married Jim Rogers and they began on a rocky little arm on the Ox-Bow, but Jim Rogers died the richest man in the county."

"I wouldn't advise you to pattern after her in some things," he chuckled, "like putting so much salt in the butter the hired men couldn't eat it. I remember Bob Hasbrook, from over on East Brook. He worked for them once through haying and he said he made up his mind he'd eat the butter to spite her, but he said it burned his throat just like fire."

"She was a good cook, though, and as I said, a master hand at managing. I've heard my mother tell what Aunt Jane could do with one egg and a ham bone. Land over Jerden! Mother said it seemed like it hurt Aunt Jane to throw away the bone, even after she was through using it for soup, which came way down at the bottom of the list. There was hot neat, cold meat, pot-pie, stew, hash and soup."

"Poor Aunt Jane, I ought not to be making fun of her," Uncle Billy reproached himself. "She sure had a hard time with a man shiftless as Jim Rogers was. She'd read the chapter while the hired men were eating their oatmeal, so as to save that much time on family prayers."

"I remember the last time I saw Aunt Jane," chuckled Uncle Billy. "It was at a tea party at Libbie McCracken's. It was sort of a gathering of old friends and neighbors and a good many of them had come over from the old country together. They were talking about his one and that one, and they'd say, 'Rab bid ill—his wife was a poor one,' or else, 'Tam bid well, he was a smart man.'"

"Aunt Jane jumped up finally. She was a little bit of a woman. I can see her yet, shaking her bony finger at us. 'Aye,' she said, 'when a mon does ill, it's aye the woman, and when he does well, it's aye the mon.'"

"I'm afraid my 'mon did ill,'" Mrs. Hudson cried gaily, "when he took me. Oh, there he is!" And she flew to open the door.

Her husband paused on the threshold, sniffing delightedly. "Beans!" he cried. "Baked beans!" Uncle Billy, he went on, seizing one of the old man's hands and shaking it vigorously, "did you ever know anybody that could cook like my wife? You'd think she'd been cooking for ten years instead of six!"

"Don't say it, Jackie dear," she pleaded. "It makes me feel so—so inexperienced," she ended, with a beaming look at Uncle Billy.

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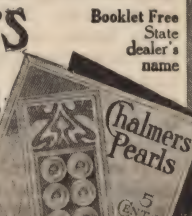
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## Mother's Realm

## Children's Playthings

By ROSE SEELYE-MILLER

PEOPLE think the more playthings a child has the more love is being shown thereto. Let us consider whether or not this is true. Is the child who has the most playthings the happiest child? Is he learning the fastest, and is he being developed in the best way?

A child absolutely needs some thing to play with, because he needs some means of development, but because he does need such means, it does not follow that he must have costly playthings or a great variety. The child needs a ball, because with the ball many things are brought to his consciousness. If it be of a bright color, he learns that there is color, shape softness or hardness, as the case may be. He learns something of motion, if the ball is on a rubber cord and dangles before him, he learns to try to use his hands and his feet to catch it, to touch it; he does not know just what should be used to catch, or manage the ball, but after a time, he finds that he does sometimes catch it in his hands, but never with his feet, although these may be useful as a means to accidentally kick it and set it dancing gaily before him. The ball develops certain faculties in the child. Later he will find that another ball may be rolled on the floor, thrown in the air, and possibly that if thrown with force enough can make a pretty crash if it chances to hit something breakable; although it will be a good while before he will be able to put cause and effect into any sort of mental process.

Building blocks are one of the best playthings a child can have. Before he knows how to pile them up, he will spend long hours handling them, and later he will find that the blocks may be put one upon another and make something he has never yet before made. The building blocks will go on developing wonderful resources just as long as the child develops, and it takes a pretty big child not to be interested in building the towers and churches, that many building blocks are designed to build. Give the child blocks; a good set at the start will last as long as youth does, and as long as the home has children, and other folks' children will love to come and play with these blocks after your own have grown up and left the home. The reason why building blocks are so good is because they do develop the child. It is not necessary to show him what can be done with them, let him learn, let him evolve from his inner consciousness their uses, and their beauties, in this way his mind will be opened, and made alert to possibilities.

Give him a box of sand, and some moulding clay, when he is old enough to use them and you will have furnished another means for development, and a great means. You have also furnished something that will be a delight for years unless the supply is exhausted.

Sometimes a few bunches of bright colored sticks will furnish a great incentive to many things, and give pleasure for hours. Do not interfere with the playing child any more than is necessary; let him begin and finish what he undertakes, if you want him to be persevering.

It is not always kindness to give a girl a doll with a wardrobe already made; give her the doll, and then give her the joy of making things for it. To be sure, her efforts will not result successfully for a great while, but they will be efforts and she will be learning the value of labor towards a given end, also she will be learning respect for the great person, her mother, who can make such wonderful, wonderful doll clothes, for of course mother will, sometimes, make dolly a present. But let the little girl learn to do things. She will play with the ball and the blocks and the other things her brothers have, too, but she will also want to play with dolls. Most boys would like to play with dolls, if they were not laughed at.

Then, in giving toys to children, try to give them things that will develop them in some way. Games are good to make them think; games of skill are good to make them know how to use themselves. Outdoor games are good because they are outdoors, as well as for many other reasons. The toy that amuses merely, has a place because it does amuse, but the best playthings are those which can be used and used over and over and over again, and always have some new possibility.

## A Little Motherly Advice

By BERTHA A. DE MOTTE

THE child is born a very innocent creature and soon begins to take notice of the treatment he gets. He soon learns that his cries will get mother or nurse to give him her attention. It is not long until he knows that some things he does are cute and that the older ones are pleased with him, and before we realize it he understands the tone of our voice and is beginning to imitate.

He is a bud that will soon develop into a flower and it is our duty to try to make it a nearly perfect flower. Study your child and try to find the best way to govern and teach him to bring out the best of him. Keep his confidence and lead him to feel that he has your confidence. Let him feel that you are honest with him. Be very careful in making a promise if you are doubtful of keeping it. He has a right to know that when you say a thing you mean it, and expect to have you to keep your promise. If for any reason you are mistaken, tell him so, or if you must

break a promise, explain to him and say you are sorry. You will expect him to be honest and truthful so set him a good example. Corporeal punishment only shows the brutal instinct of the grown punisher and is often given when moral persuasion would go a great deal farther and leave a more lasting influence. The child may feel that he is being whipped or spanked just because you are the bigger, and often a feeling of "I'll get even with you when I get big," will arise in his breast. He suddenly does what you wish, to get you to cease the punishment, but in his own mind he rebels and you are lowered in his estimation. Certainly he will need to be corrected at times for some misdeeds, but a quiet talk or restricting his rights to do certain things because he disobeyed, will be far more effective than the rod.

Encourage him to be helpful. Of course, he can not do things as well as you and you may have to do them over after him, but his doing them as well as he can will be a start for better things. Occasionally tell him a story with a moral, but omit to mention the moral. He will profit by the story and find the moral without you saying anything about it. Politeness, unselfishness, good habits and many other things may be taught through stories or rhymes.



## LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE

This is Gordon Irving Roberts, of New York, who was four years old when this picture was taken, and who was overheard at that time to tell a small comrade: "Say, Eddie, I'm going to save all my toys, and when I grow up and get married and have little brothers and sisters, I'm going to give them these things of mine, and tell 'em, 'There, children! There's the toys your father played with!'"

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# HOUSEWIFE FANCYWORK

## ORDER No. 1.—Materials: No. 30 thread, a medium fine steel hook, one yard of rick rack braid and a six-inch circle of linen.

Take 100 points of the braid and join the ends neatly. Fasten the thread in a point of the braid, and for the first round make 3 ch. and fasten with a slip stitch in each point of the braid.

2d round.—3 ch. to take the place of a d. c., 4 d. c. in each 3 ch., joining last d. c. to 3 ch.

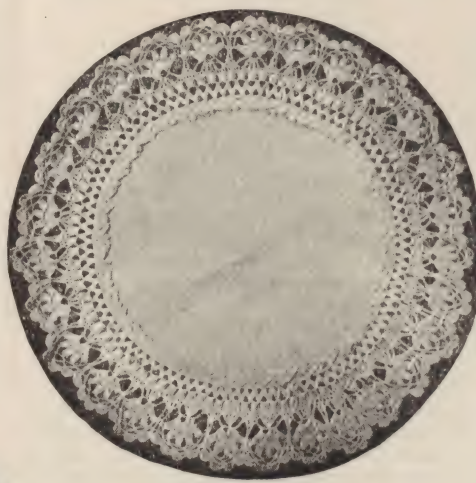
3d round.—5 s. c. in first 5 d. c., ch. 4, \* over and skip 1 d. c., st. in the next, thread three 2 on the hook \* repeat from \* to \* 3 times, then thread through 4 sts. on the hook at once, ch. 5, turn and fasten by s. c. under the 5 ch., turn, (s. c., 15 d. c., s. c.) under the 5 ch., ch. 4, skip 1 d. c., and repeat from the beginning of the round, ending with 4 ch. joined to the first s. c.

4th round.—3 s. c. over 5 s. c., ch. 4, \* d. c. over 1 st. d. c. of shell, thread through 2 on the hook, d. c. in next d. c. leaving the last st. on the hook,

## Doily Borders of Crochet and Braid

By Mrs. Gwen Keys

round with a right and wrong side to it. For the second round, fasten in the 3 ch. of a shell, ch. 1, d. c. in next 3 ch., (ch. 1, t. c.) 3 times in the same place, ch. 1, d. c. in the same place, ch. 1, s. c. in next 3 ch., and repeat to the end of the round,



Border No. 1

joining the last s. c. to the first 3 ch. For the third round, s. c. in each of the first 3 sts., ch. 4, s. c. in 3rd t. c. of the shell, ch. 7, s. c. in 1 st. t. c. of next shell, ch. 4, s. c. in 3rd t. c. of same shell, and repeat to the end.

For the fourth round, make a shell same as in the second round in



Border No. 2

d. c. in next, leaving last st., then thread through 4 on the hook, ch. 3 and repeat from \* four times more on the shell, ch. 4, and repeat from beginning of the round.

5th round.—\* 6 ch., joined by s. c. under 1 st. 3 ch., and repeat from \* 4 times, s. c., under 4 ch., ch. 1, s. c. under next 4 ch. and repeat from the beginning.

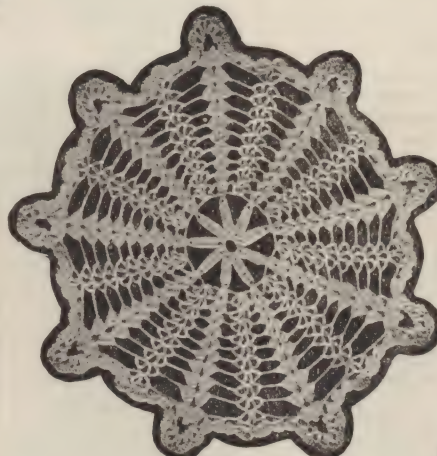
6th round.—6 ch., join by s. c. in each 6 ch. of last row. After fastening 6 ch. in last 6 ch. of one scallop, ch. 1, and make s. c. in first 6 ch. of next scallop.

7th round.—Make a shell of (1 s. c., 5 d. c., 1 s. c.) in each 6 ch. There will be 4 shells in each scallop. (See illustration.)

Cut the circle of linen to fit the center and hem. Sew the border to the edge of the doily. Take a thread of floss and featherstitch the hem, then make two rows of knot stitches. (See illustration.) This doily measures about 10 inches. Larger or smaller ones for a set may be made over the same design.

Border No. 2.—Materials: No. 24 thread or No. 50 linen thread, one and a half yards of novelty braid, two yards of fine coronation braid and one-third of a yard of heavy linen. If preferred this particular border may be crocheted directly

on a chain instead of on the novelty braid. If the braid is used, fasten the thread in a loop of the braid, ch. 7, turn, shell of (2 d. c., 2 ch., 2 d. c.) in 4th st. of the ch., skip 1 loop on the braid and join by s. c. to the next loop, turn, shell of (2 d. c., 2 ch., 2 d. c.) in 2 ch. of the first shell, ch. 3, turn, shell in a shell, skip 1 loop on the braid and join as before. Repeat the shells, joining 3 to each medallion of the braid and 1 to the bar between the medallions, until 34 medallions are used, or more if a larger piece is desired. Join the last shell to the first, and fasten the ends of the braid neatly. The work is done round and



All-Crochet

each 7 ch., and s. c. in each 4 ch. Repeat the third and 4th rounds once more, then make the third round.

For the last round, make s. c. in each 4 ch., and in each 7 ch. a shell thus: ch. 1 d. c., ch. 1, t. c., picot of 7 ch. caught back in first st., ch. 1, t. c., another p., ch. 1, t. c., another p., ch. 1, t. c., ch. 1, d. c.

Cut a circle of linen to fit the center, hem and sew the border to the edge. Sew the coronation braid to



Border No. 4

the doily, over the hem, as seen in the illustration. Make 3 French

knots, each side of every section of braid. Any preferred finish may be used, or an embroidered design. This doily measures 15 inches, but may be larger or smaller, using the same border. Smaller doily should have the border narrower.

All Crochet.—Materials: No. 50 linen thread and a suitable steel hook. Begin with a chain of 12 sts. joined to form a ring.

\* Ch. 14, turn, beginning in the 6th st. from the hook, make d. c. in each of the remaining 8 stitches, fasten in center ring by s. c. Repeat from \* until 9 points are formed. (See illustration.) Fasten off and break the thread. Join in the top of a point, ch. 9, s. c. in next point, and repeat to the end.

1st round.—(Ch. 3 to take the place of a d. c., d. c., ch. 1, 2 d. c.) in end of the point, ch. 2, 4 d. c. with 3 ch. between in 5th of the 9 ch., ch. 2, and repeat to end of the round.

2d round.—Same as the 1st round, with 3 ch. instead of 2 ch. between the shells.

3d round.—Same as the 2d, except in the shell at the end of the point where there are 3 d. c., 1 ch., 3 d. c.

4th and 5th rounds.—Same as the 3d round.

6th round.—Same as the 5th except in the shell at the end of the point where there are 4 d. c., 2 ch., 4 d. c.

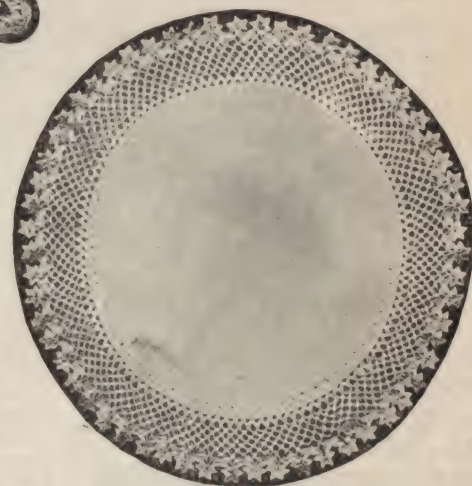
7th round.—Same as the 6th, except in the shell which has 5 d. c., ch. 3, 5 d. c., with 4 ch. between the shells.

8th round.—In this round there are 5 ch. between the shells, and the shell has 6 d. c., ch. 4, 6 d. c.

9th round.—Chain 6 between the shells, and shell same as in the 8th round.

10th round.—Same as preceding round, except the shell which has 7 d. c., 3 ch., 7 d. c.

11th round.—After fastening the last 7 ch. of the 10th round, turn, ch. 5, s. c. in 4th of the 7th ch., ch. 5, s. c. in 1st d. c. of the open shell, 5 ch., s. c. in center 3 ch., ch. 5, s. c. in last d. c. of the shell, ch. 5, s. c. in center of next 7 ch., ch. 5, s. c. in first d. c. of shell, ch. 5, s. c. in 4th d. c., ch. 9, s. c. in 4th d. c. of last half of the shell, ch. 5, s. c. in last d. c. Repeat the



Border No. 3

directions from the first to the end of the round.

12th round.—3 d. c. in the first 5 ch., s. c. in s. c., 3 d. c. in next 5 ch., s. c. in s. c., 6 d. c. in next 5 ch., s. c. in s. c., 3 d. c. in next 5 ch., s. c. in s. c., 3 d. c. in next 5 ch., s. c. in s. c., 3 d. c. in next 5 ch., s. c. in s. c., \* (over as for d. c., take a st. in the 9 ch., over again, st. in same place, over again, st. in same place, thread through all on the hook), ch. 2, repeat from \* 6 times more.

For the last round, make s. c. between every 2 d. c. until the large scallop is reached. In the scallop make a shell

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of 4 d. c. in each 2 ch. between the groups, and fasten by s. c. in top of each group. This design may be used for larger or smaller doilies if desired, and is very effective and easy to work out.

Border No. 3.—Materials: No. 38 thread, a steel hook, three yards of fine rick rack braid and an 8 in. circle of linen. Take a strip of braid long enough to reach around the doily and join the ends. Fasten the thread in a loop of the braid and make 5 ch. joined by a slip stitch in each point of the braid. Work round and round without turning. For the second round make 2 s. c. in each 5 ch. of the first round with 5 ch. between.

Repeat the second round 4 times more, or more times if a wider border is desired.

Fasten the braid on for the outer edge thus: ch. 2, join to a point of braid, ch. 2, 2 s. c. in next 5 ch., ch. 2, join to next point, ch. 2, 2 s. c. in next 5 ch., \* ch. 2, skip 5 points and join to next, ch. 2, 2 s. c. in next 5 ch., ch. 2, join to next point, ch. 2, 2 s. c. in next 5 ch., and repeat from \* to the end of the round, joining the ends of the braid. The braid will now be in loops of 5 points each on the inside. For the last round, fasten at the first of the 2 points on the inner edge, ch. 3, \* fasten in points at the outer edge, where 3 points seem to come together, make s. c. in each of the next 2 points, thus joining the 3, ch. 3, 1 s. c. under 2 ch., ch. 3, fasten in first point inside the loop and join the 5 points same as the 3 were joined, ch. 1, s. c. under the first 3 ch., ch. 2, s. c. under next 2 ch., ch. 3, and repeat from \* to the end of the round.

Hem the circle of linen for the center, and after sewing the border to the edge, make 2 or 3 rows of knot-stitch on the hem. This doily measures 12 in., but may be larger or smaller as desired, as the border may be wider or narrower.

Border No. 4.—Materials: No. 20 thread, a medium-sized steel hook, one and one-quarter yards of rick-rack braid, and a piece of heavy linen, 15 by 10 inches. Join the ends of the braid neatly.

1st round.—Fasten the thread in a point of the braid, s. c. in each point with 3 ch. between, joining last 3 ch. to 1st point.

2d round.—Ch. 3 to take the place of a d. c., 2 d. c. in 3 ch., \* ch. 1, 3 d. c. in next 3 ch., and repeat from \* joining last 1 ch. to 1st d. c. by slip st. The work is done round and round without turning.

3rd round.—S. c. in each of the first 4 sts., \* ch. 6, skip 3 stitches, 4 s. c., and repeat from \* to end, joining last 6 ch. to first s. c. by a slip stitch.

4th round.—S. c. in middle of 4 s. c., \* ch. 3, 4 d. c. in center of 6 ch., ch. 3, s. c. in center of 4 s. c. and repeat from \* to end; joining last 3 ch. to 1st s. c. by a slip stitch.

5th round.—Make s. c. in each of the 3 ch. and in each of the first 4 d. c., \* ch. 6, s. c. in each of next 4 d. c. and repeat from \* to the end, joining last 6 ch. to 1st s. c. over the 1st d. c. Repeat the 4th and 5th rounds 4 times more for the lace as shown in the illustration.

For the last round make s. c. in the middle of the 4 s. c., \* ch. 2, shell of 8 d. c. in center of 6 ch., ch. 2, s. c. in middle of next 4 s. c. and repeat from \* to end of the round.

This border measures 2 1-2 inches in width. It may be increased or decreased by making the 4th and 5th rounds the required number of times. For smaller doily the border should be narrower. Cut the linen oval shape to fit the center and stitch a one-quarter inch hem around it. Sew the lace to the edge. Take a heavy floss and feather-stitch over the hem. The same border may be used for a round doily.

### The Dream Mother

BY BEULAH TATUM

Just a little dream at twilight  
Of the days that were to be;  
Of the baby on my bosom,  
Rocking softly here with me.

How I loved this time of shadows,  
And the tender, firelight glow,  
As I heard the sleepy murmur  
Of my baby, long ago.

Now, the dreams are all I cherish,  
No wee face is on my breast;  
No dear, tired little body  
Drifts with me to dreamless rest.

Only "mother" in my dreaming!  
And my heart is sad to-night,  
Rocking, lonely, in the gloaming  
By the wood-fire's fitful light.

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A Countess' Hatred.....M. T. Caldor	A Strange Marriage.....Etta W. Pierce
The Puritan Captain.....Jane G. Austin	A Russian Wolf Hunt.....Emerson Bennett
Nannie Ansar's Story.....Mary Kyle Dallas	William Bradford's Love Life.....Jane G. Austin
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# This Washer Must Pay for Itself.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me, I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and I'll pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

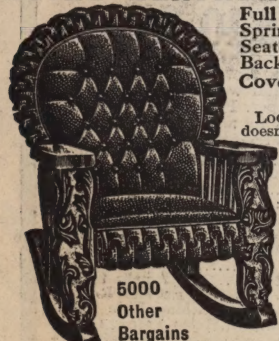
And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages.

If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address me this way—H. L. Barker, 350 Court Street, Binghamton, N. Y. If you live in Canada, address 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

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# THE HOUSEWIVES' CIRCLE

## Fall House Cleaning

AFTER the dust of Summer, blown in through the open windows and doors, we will all of us be busy renovating our belongings, and the many sensible and inexpensive aids in housecleaning which the sisters are passing along will come in very handy. Mrs. E. B., of Michigan, offers four, as follows:

"I clip a small whisk broom obliquely, so as to make a point at one side and I use it when sweeping the corners of the room or stairways. By this method every particle of dust can be effectually removed.

"I learned from a plumber that a paste made of equal parts of shaved yellow soap, whiting and soda, combined with slight heat, is excellent for cleaning enamel ware.

"I find kerosene a cheap and convenient cleanser for both bath tub and sink. I always keep a bottle under my bath tub, another on the floor in one corner of the lavatory and still another on a shelf over the kitchen sink. With very little physical effort it quickly takes off grime and grease without any danger of marring the surface of the smooth, glossy ware. Once every week the floors of bath room, lavatory and kitchen are wiped off by hand with a cup of kerosene to a pail of warm water and the work is more easily done and more satisfactory than when soap is used.

"Always wash blankets on a day when the sun shines and the wind blows, as the quicker they dry, the softer they will be and the better they will look."

When putting down the new kitchen floor covering, bear in mind the advice of Mrs. E. A. J., of Washington:

"I have always hated to get down on the floor and wash the linoleum next to the wainscoting, or mopboard every time I mopped the floor, so I tacked a strip of linoleum, like what I have on the floor, all around the room, about four inches high and matched the pattern and it looks neat and now I can mop without having to be careful about soiling the woodwork."

Follow this most practical suggestion of Mrs. L. M. C., of Ohio, if you have modern plumbing:

"Among the many little duties that I perform at stated times is the one of inspecting the waste pipes of the sink, washstands, bath tubs and laundry tubs. I prepare a two-quart pitcher of boiling water, put into it half a tea cup of washing soda and pour it in the kitchen sink, to remove all grease and deposits from the waste pipe. In the other waste pipes I take a long handled button hook and probe for articles which ought not to be there and always find them. Careless guests throw burnt matches and combings in the wash stands and bath tubs, and from the laundry tubs I invariably extract quantities of ravelings and threads and even small buttons. This task takes only about ten minutes each Saturday, and is preferable to paying a plumber to do it for me two or three times a year."

Mrs. E. M. H., of Maine, has made a successful experiment that some of us will be glad to follow:

"I had finished housecleaning with the exception of my kitchen, when it suddenly dawned upon me that I had reached the limit of my financial resources, and as that room needed papering badly, I was in a quandary. Looking over my closet in sheer desperation, I discovered that I had a large number of odds and ends, left over rolls and parts of rolls of wall-paper, the accumulation of years, and as I noticed that nearly all of them had the same cream-colored back, I had an inspiration. Seizing, for fear of ridicule, upon a day when the rest of the family was absent, I treated my kitchen to a coat of paper with the wrong side out, and then, selecting a remnant with a green stripe, I cut from that a neat border. The result exceeded my expectations, and everyone is charmed with my neat kitchen, which is rejoicing in a new dress that cost me never a cent."

Miss I. L. T., of Colorado, tells us how to freshen woodwork and how to first exterminate, then prevent, the return of those dreadful pests—bedbugs:

"How many of you are troubled with the woodwork looking smeary and streaked after the Autumn whitewashing is done? Try rubbing off all whitewash with a paper, then after washing, go over all woodwork, such as window and door casings and mopboards with a cloth moistened with coal oil, and it will look as bright and fresh as if freshly painted.

"It is easy to exterminate bedbugs in the following way: Dip the ends of all bed slats in a can of coal oil, also take a feather, or better yet a small oil can and put coal oil in all cracks and holes where a bug can get, either in the bed or walls. Repeat this treat-

ment every two weeks for a couple of months and you will completely exterminate the pests. We have moved in houses that were literally alive with them, and have soon got rid of them all by this simple and harmless remedy. It is necessary to use it every two weeks, as it takes that long for the eggs to hatch, but the oil will not injure anything, as it soon evaporates.

Mrs. I. W., of Maryland, passes on to the sisters three good ideas:

"When having your house repainted, insist upon the painter using a small piece of tin, about two feet long and several inches wide; this can be placed on the window panes and moved along when painting the sash, and will save you that tiresome process of cleaning the paint from the panes. If by chance a little should get on the glass, I find that a bit of ice wool will easily remove it.

"During a visit to my aunt, who lives in Berlin, Ontario, I noticed that, although the weather was bitterly cold, her windows were not frosted over, but remained beautifully clear. She told me she first washed her windows, then rubbed them with a cloth saturated in pure glycerine and polished them. I have followed her method ever since and it works like a charm.

"I always paint my new wooden pails and tubs with a liberal coat of glycerine. This keeps them from shrinking and warping."

The following three suggestions come from our helpful sister, Mrs. J. J. O'C., of Washington, D. C.:

"An excellent idea for painting shelves is to give them two coats of ordinary white paint and then for finishing a coat of white enamel. As soon as the enamel dries, wash it over with cold water and then it will harden quickly. Do not cover these shelves with paper, but leave them bare and notice the improvement. As there are no covers under which crumbs, etc., can collect, there is nothing to encourage mice or insects and the enamel is easily wiped clean with a damp cloth.

"If one is planning to paint a floor, it is wise first to scrub it well with soap, water and ammonia. Of course, the wood should be perfectly dry before the paint is put on, and the first coat should be given plenty of time to harden before adding a second. Sometimes a third coat is necessary and there are some who claim this is economy in the long run. To make the paint wear especially well, give it a coat of varnish.

"When oilcloth has been down a few months and is losing the shining surface, it can be renewed easily and made to last twice as long if treated in the following way: Melt a little ordinary glue in a pint of water, letting it stand in the top of the oven until dissolved. Wash the oilcloth thoroughly and let it dry. Then at night, when the traffic of the day is over, go over the whole carefully with a flannel dipped in the glue water. By morning the glue will be hard and will have put a very fine gloss on your oilcloth."

Finally, Miss C. B., of Kansas, brings our meeting to a close with the following:

"A large-necked bottle of plaster of Paris costs but a few cents. If the walls, especially the hard-finished ones, get scratched or nicked in ugly little holes, mix a little plaster of Paris with water and cover the injury; all is then as good as new. For doing this work keep by the bottle a thin, handless knife-blade. If any crockery is broken, mix some of this plaster with a little strong glue, or with some white of an egg, fasten the broken parts together, hold or tie them in place for a few minutes, then when they are dry, scrape off the plaster which has exuded from the cracks, and the dish is firmly mended. For mending such things keep an especial glue brush; one must work quickly, as the plaster dries so quickly; the bottle must be kept corked. Mix the plaster as you need it, in a clam shell, and always keep a shell or two beside the bottle."

On page twenty-two of this issue, our readers will find advertised for the first time the Ostermoor Mattress. This is a proposition with which we are very familiar, and we know that there is no mattress built in which can be gotten more for the money.

In their book, however, they tell the story far better than we can and as they send it to you, with samples of ticking, free on request, we hope that every reader of THE HOUSEWIFE will write at once to the Ostermoor Company, 256 Elizabeth Street, New York, for the book and the samples.

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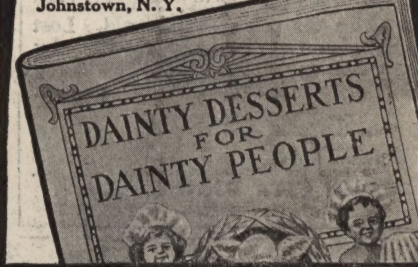
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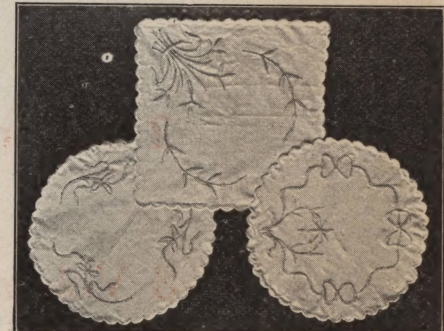
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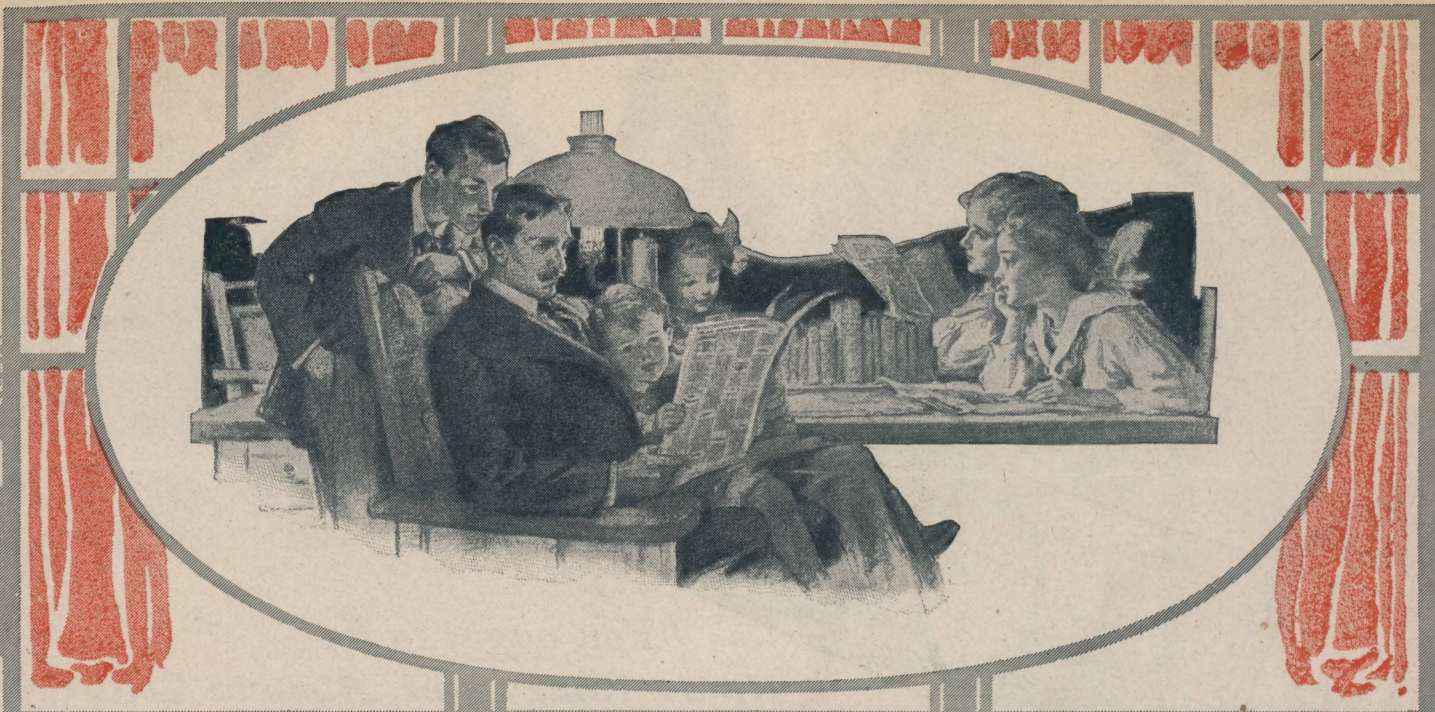
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